July 6, 1968

THE NEW YORKER

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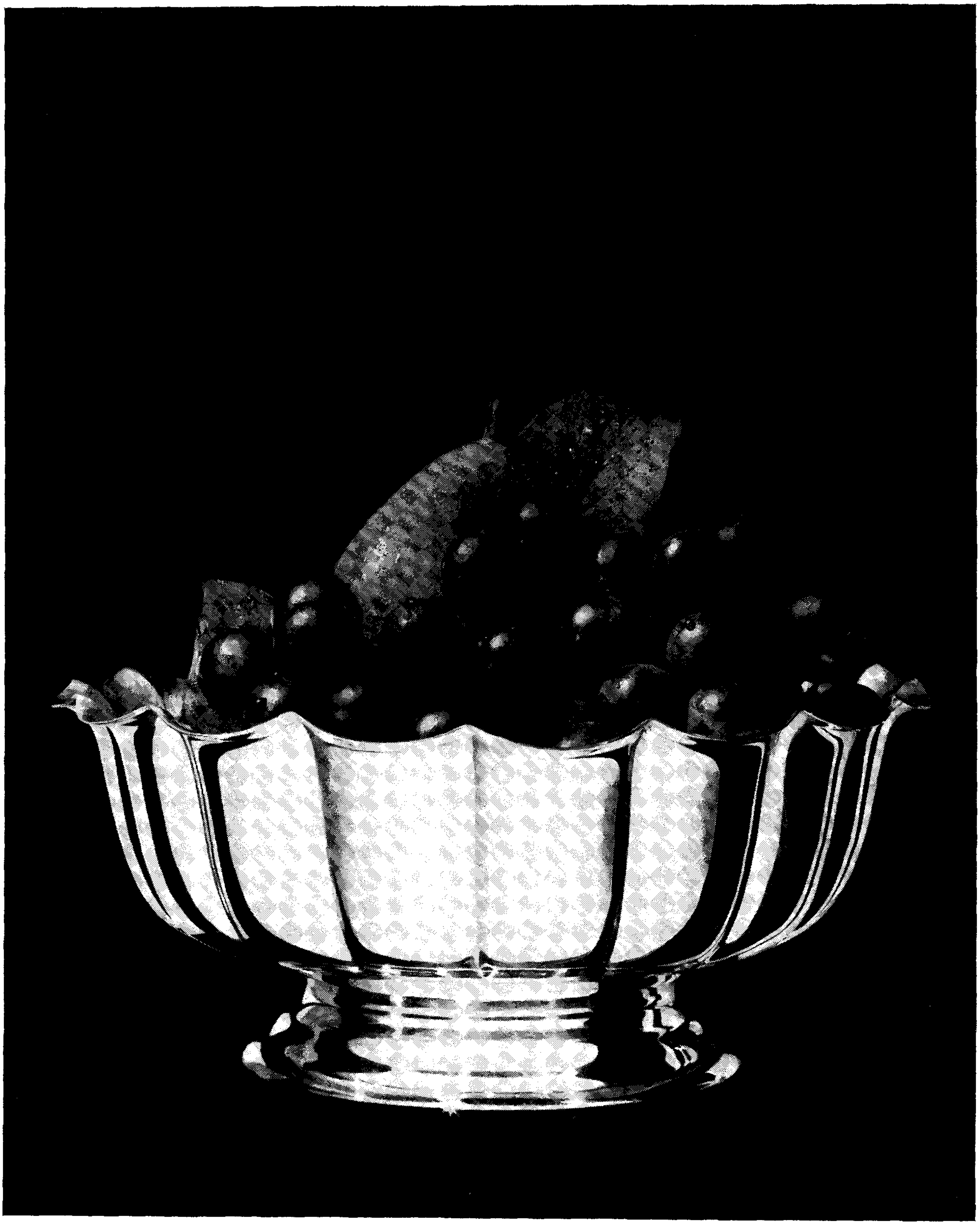

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(This week, some theatres, as indicated below, are rearranging their schedules because of the Fourth of July. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Atelje 212—The final performances in a three-week repertory of plays in Serbo-Croatian, by this avant-garde company from Belgrade. Popović's **BORA, THE TAILOR**: Thursday, July 4, at 2, and Friday, July 5, at 8. . . . ¶ Albee's **WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?**: Thursday, July 4, and Saturday, July 6, at 8; Sunday, July 7, at 2; Friday, July 12, at 8; Saturday, July 13, at 2; and Sunday, July 14, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Jarry's **KING UBU**: Saturday, July 6, at 2, and Wednesday, July 10, at 8. . . . ¶ Vitrac's **VICTOR; OR, THE CHILDREN TAKE OVER**: Sunday, July 7, at 7:30; Tuesday, July 9, at 8; Thursday, July 11, at 8; Saturday, July 13, at 8; and Sunday, July 14, at 2. Simultaneous-translation ear-sets may be rented at each performance. (Forum, Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7618.)

The Boys in the Band—A comedy, which curdles into misery and venom, about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. The play, honest and often effective, is the first by Mart Crowley. The performances by all concerned, under Robert Moore's direction, are flawless. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Collision Course—Eleven one-acters by a dozen "new" and not-so-new dramatists. Although facetiousness abounds, only one of the plays—Jules Feiffer's entry—is funny, and although portentousness abounds, only one of the plays—Israel Horovitz' entry—is serious and touching. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Concept—A moving and utterly convincing drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts, at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. Originally an improvisation but now a set piece, it is well acted by a cast of eight ex-addicts from Daytop. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Daddy Goodness—This play, by Louis Sapin and the late Richard Wright, deals in rather shallow fashion with the rise of a religious cult, but it has its moments, all the same. The Negro Ensemble Company, it need hardly be said, makes the most of these moments. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Thursday, Friday, and Sunday at 8:30, and Saturday at 7 and 10:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, July 7.)

The Firebugs—A revival of Max Frisch's satiric Swiss play, adapted by Mordecai Gorelik. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Futz!—The La Mama company in Rochelle Owens' rowdy, bawdy, poetic farce about a farmer whose love affair with his pig totally demoralizes his rustic neighbors. It must be added that the show has coarsened considerably in its move from a small café to this much larger theatre. Many of the lines are now unintelligible, and the buoyancy and freshness are often crushed by a hyperactive production. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—A revival of the O'Neill play, with Salome Jens, Mitchell Ryan, and W. B. Brydon. Directed by Theodore Mann. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Plaza Suite—Three determinedly funny skits by Neil Simon, guaranteeing a laugh a minute. George C. Scott and Maureen Stapleton are the stars, directed in broad, knockabout fashion by Mike Nichols. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Price—Pat Hingle, Arthur Kennedy, Kate Reid, and David Burns carry on a long, sometimes funny but mostly lacerating conversation in the gloomy attic of an old New York town house. It is good to have the playwright, Arthur Miller, mixing a few jokes in with his usual grim family flayings. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, July 4, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, July 4, at 2:30.)

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie—Zoe Caldwell in a marvellous comic study by Jay Allen of a half-mad Scottish schoolteacher and her adoring pupils. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, July 4, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thursday, July 4, at 2:30.)

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead—Tom Stoppard's droll and highly ingenious account of how things might have gone in Denmark if the spotlight had been turned on Rosencrantz and Guildenstern instead of upon Hamlet. Brian Murray and John Wood lead a fine cast that has been astutely directed by Derek Goldby. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, July 4, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, July 4, at 2:30.)

Scuba Duba—Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is the comic Walpurgis Night of an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. Mr. Friedman knows what he is doing, but what he is doing is not for every taste. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Théâtre de la Cité—The final performances in a three-week repertory of plays in French. Molière's **TARTUFFE**: Thursday, July 4, at 2; Saturday, July 13, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, July 14, at 2 and 7:30. . . . ¶ Molière's **GEORGE DANDIN**: Friday, July 5, at 8, and Saturday, July 6, at 2 and 8. . . . ¶ Dumas's **THE THREE MUSKETEERS**: Sunday, July 7, at 2 and 7:30, and Tuesday through Friday, July 9-12, at 8. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616.)

There's a Girl in My Soup—A tired farce about a middle-aged lecher (Laurence Hugo) entrapped by a nineteen-year-old girl swinger. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tom Paine—A characteristically eruptive production by the La Mama company, set off by the life and works of Paine. There are many lively moments, and many foolish or puzzling moments, but never a dull one. The clever, fervent script, which is occasionally overwhelmed by frenetic activity, is by Paul Foster, and the direction is by Tom O'Horgan. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**CACTUS FLOWER**: A trifle by Abe Burrows that has to do with a philandering dentist, his doxy, and his starchy secretary. Betsy Palmer and Lloyd Bridges are among those present. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, July 4, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, July 4, at 2:30.) . . . **YOU KNOW I CAN'T HEAR YOU WHEN THE WATER'S RUNNING**: A quartet of brief plays by Robert Anderson about sex and concomitant confusions. With Larry Blyden, Irene Dailey, and William Redfield. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

The Believers—The history of the Negro in the United States in singing, dancing, and acting, as set forth by an amateur choral group that calls itself Voices, Inc. The singing is beautiful, and the acting and dancing are more than adequate. The result is a spirited and deeply affecting evening in the theatre. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Curley McDimple—A witless lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties, with special attention to those starring the young Mrs. Black. Butterfly McQueen has joined the cast. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, July 4.)

George M!—A sketchy account of a great performer who appears to have been singularly unlikable in private life. With Joel Grey as Cohan. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, July 4, at 2:30.)

Golden Rainbow—Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme in a musical about hard times in Las Vegas—a preposterous subject, redeemed in part by many bouncy girls and fancy stage effects. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées

Page
BOOKS 64
THE CURRENT CINEMA 44
LETTER FROM PARIS 61
MUSICAL EVENTS:
RECORDS: ROCK, ETC. 56
THE RACE TRACK 63
THE SPORTING SCENE 48

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, July 4, at 2:30.)

Hair—Lots of clatter in lots of clutter, and the sooner your mind gives way the happier you will be. (Biltmore, 47th St. W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Happy Time—A labored, not very tuneful telling of the old tale about how difficult it is to return to the scenes of one's childhood. Robert Goulet and David Wayne perform gallantly against crushing odds. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, July 4, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, July 4, at 2:30.)

In Circles—Script by Gertrude Stein, music by Al Carmines, and a joy from start to finish. In addition to the show, there are songs by Mr. Carmines, played and sung by him. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris—A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:15; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Music Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of **WEST SIDE STORY**, with Barbara Luna, Kurt Peterson, and Victoria Mallory. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, July 4, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, July 4, at 2:30.)

Walk Down Mah Street!—A topical, tuneful revue. Among the subjects touched on are—besides love, of course—racial and social injustices of various kinds, but the tone of the show is as bright and comical as it is fervent. Most of the music is by Norman Curtis, and most of the words are by Patricia Taylor Curtis. The young cast of six is more than just promising. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Your Own Thing—As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." The songs, which come in many pleasing varieties, are by Hal Hester and Danny Apolinar; Robert Guerra designed the imaginative settings; and the libretto, sometimes funny and sometimes just sort of, is the work of Donald Driver, who also directed the show. (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**CABARET:** Germany just before the Nazis took control. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, July 4, at 2:30.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** Five fathoms out there. Full fathom five thy father lies. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.) ... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Harry Goz in a saga derived from some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, July 4, at 2:30.)... **MAME:** A musical interpretation of the Patrick Dennis novel about an antic aunt and an orphaned nephew committed to her care. Janis Paige is the lady in question. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, July 4, at 2:30.) ... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Hal Holbrook plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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7	8	9	10	11	12	13

BALLET

American Ballet Theatre—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, July 28—Tuesday, July 9, at 7:30: "Swan Lake."... ¶ Wednesday, July 10, at 8: "Harbinger" and a new production of "Giselle."... ¶ Thursday, July 11, at 8: "Pulcinella Variations" (première) and "Giselle."... ¶ Friday, July 12, at 8: "Pulcinella Variations," "Aleko," "Flower Festival Pas de Deux," and "Helen of Troy."... ¶ Saturday, July 13, at 2:30 and 8: "Swan Lake." (Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center. 799-4420.)

OUTDOORS

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **HENRY IV, PART I**, with James Ray, Sam Waterston, Stacy Keach, Charlotte Rae, and Penny Fuller, are being given on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturday, July 6. **HENRY IV, PART II**, with the same cast, is presented on Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Evenings at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630. Final performance Saturday, Aug. 3.)... **NOTE:** Both plays will be presented on Saturday, July 13—Part I from 7 to 10:30, and Part II from 11:30 to 3 A.M. For information about tickets, which must be applied for in writing, call the above number.

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of **SOUTH PACIFIC**, with Jerome Hines and Kathleen Nolan. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

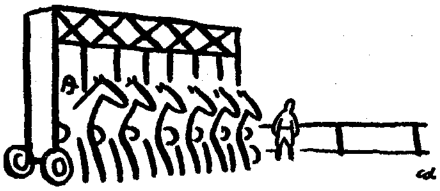
(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (GR 5-7804)—Coffee and cider are representative of the drinks, and the quarters are cramped, but the entertainment—comprising singers, instrumentalists, and comics—sometimes overshadows the wooden benches. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers.

Café Au Go Go, 152 Bleecker St. (SP 7-4530)—That steamed-up rock band, Blood, Sweat and Tears, heads the current bill. The place will be closed Monday, July 8, and on Tuesday, July 9, Sea Train will arrive. (S.T. is an outgrowth of the defunct Blues Project. Will it survive in its new incarnation? To be continued.)

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Some fairly provocative jazz from eleven to one—on piano and bass, with horns sitting in occasionally—as well as dining and drinking in a serene, red-brick setting. No live music Sundays.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—No strain. It's an easeful spot. The bandstand is in the middle of the bar, which is in the middle of the room, which is large enough for tables and a dance floor. The Jake Hanna quintet, with Richie Kamuca on tenor, plays a fluid, relaxed kind of jazz that should suit summer evenings. Some Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.



Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—An honest kind of place for traditional listening, where the patrons seem as much at home as the musicians—Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Bob Pratt, and Marshall Brown. They play a confident, hale Dixieland from eight-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Eighteen-nineties rinky-dink, complete with fire engine, but the banjo band is above average, and has even been known to come up with its own alluvial arrangement of Petula Clark's latest. Old movies are shown from time to time. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Another ode to the banjo—a small, neighborly place where people can buy straw hats and frilly garters and commune with their ancestors. The three-man band plays from nine to three or four. The peanuts are free.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Keep walking—you'll get there eventually. It's a dark and elemental hole whose clientele knows pretty much where it's at. The McCoy Tyner quintet plays nightly. On Tuesday, July 9, the Roland Kirk quartet will move in. On Saturday, July 6, from five to nine, the Sam Rivers trio will perform before the regular session, and on Sunday, July 7, from five to nine, the Substructure, a five-tuba ensemble that includes Howard Johnson, will do the same. Monday, July 8, will be turned over to singer Marge Elliott.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—In the rustic upstairs, where grilled dishes are served, a trio led by the pianist Toshiko entertains. Starting Tuesday, July 9, Billy Taylor, whose piano work sounds effortless, will lead his trio, alternating with Toshiko, who by this time will be playing solo. On Mondays, those people are off, and new talent is auditioned.... ¶ Downstairs: The venerable Oscar Peterson quartet takes turns with a quartet headed by the venerable Earl Hines. On Tuesday, July 9, Dizzy Gillespie's quintet will replace the Hines quartet. Mondays are set aside for special events.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—A subsurface box in which music stays near the van. Two major saxes are at work—a quartet led by Sonny Rollins and one led by Coleman Hawkins. The club will be closed Sunday, July 7. On Monday, July 8, Gil Evans, who has done a good deal of experimenting with big bands, will bring in a thirteen-piece outfit. On Tuesday, July 9, the McCoy Tyner quartet will start playing with the Rollins foursome.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Collard greens and black-eyed peas are on the menu, and sawdust is on the floor. The jazz, swingingly subdued, is on piano and bass; Nat Jones and John Latham play Monday through Wednesday, and Lance Hayward and Bill Lee play Thursday through Sunday, from eight-thirty to two. When the musicians take a break, you can go to the jukebox and play "Down in the Boondocks."

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—Gosh, gang, here's *another* one of those places where you can put on boaters and listen to a banjo band and drink beer from mugs. On Sundays, the fun runs from four-thirty to closing.

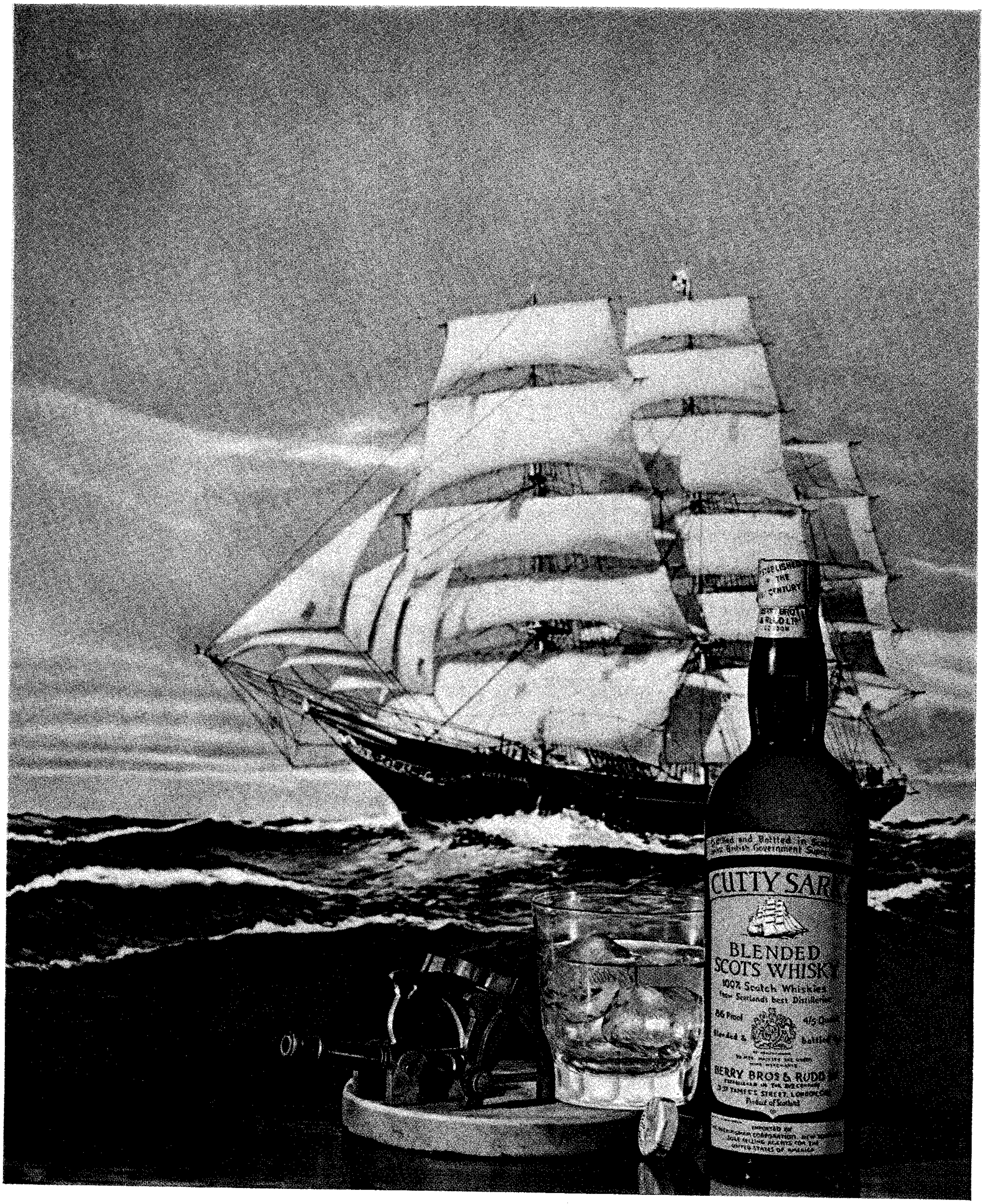
DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Arthur, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420)—A faintly Britannic, Plasticine scene for people who like to be thought of as swingers. Tiny tables, a minimal light show, and rampant recorded rock that shifts to the rampant live sounds of the Bubble Gum Machine. On Tuesday, July 9, the Machine will be superseded by the Epitome. Dining is possible. Closed Mondays.

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—A small restaurant-discothèque whose advantages manage to outweigh its pretensions. Waiters glide about discreetly, and the trappings—lacquered cabinets, Teutonic chandeliers, gilded griffins, and the like—are for sale. The clientele looks imperturbable, and the dinners are distinctive, if slight. Dancing to records from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—Pin-striped wallpaper, red velvet draperies, and moody, muted murals are reminiscent of the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"Wish we didn't have to go home."

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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years 1795-99, when France wasn't quite making it. The cuisine—dinner and supper—is good, and a generally svelte-looking crowd dances to records on a small dance floor from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—Wow. Lights flash, flicker, and run, and clownish acrobats do unnerving, skillful feats while the customers groove on the elaborately gyro-undulating scene. Cat Mother and the All-Night Newsboys alternate with records over a potent system. On Monday, July 8, at eight-thirty, Pauline Oliveros, who deals in solid-state sights and sounds, will present her Electronic Music Theatre of the Absurd. Miss Oliveros has been known to write music for garden hoses. The regular show will follow at about ten. On Tuesday, July 9, Woody Truck Stop will move in. Alcohol is out.

Frammis, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (EL 5-7160)—Kind of a cool place. Dancers swing expertly on the parquet floor, and the records stay up. Recorded rock from ten to three or four every night except Sunday, when the joint rocks from seven to midnight.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—A fairly low-keyed, dressy place with Ivy overtones, where the lights are dim and the music is less than urgent. Table reservations are recommended on weekends. Without them, you can stand at the minuscule bar. The supper menu is sturdy enough. Closed Sundays.

Salvation, 1 Sheridan Sq. (675-3810)—It's steep getting in, and it may be even steeper getting out. You descend to the lower depths, where the stylishly dressed—hoping to be seen by others stylishly dressed—cavort to records played over a sound system whose components may be made of Britannia metal. Things run from ten till closing except on Fridays and Saturdays, when things start at eight-thirty. No one is saved.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Ceiling fans turn, and a sphinx guards the door. Is it the Nile? Musically speaking, it's the Mersey, Lake Michigan, or sometimes (good grief!) the Danube. Between record sets, the Bobby Hackett quartet lets its energies float toward the smooth and serene. A substantial dinner menu. Closed Sundays.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777)—The club is taking a breather and will be closed through Monday, July 8. On Tuesday, July 9, it will reopen with the live sound of the Elephant's Memory, alternating with records, which are mostly contemporary juke. Trafalgar Square has been crossed with a barn dance, updated, and Modified—see how it runs.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Paisley walls in a burnished underground cave, with music that comes on big and stays there disc after disc. Action nightly from nine-thirty to three-thirty, with reservations a good idea on weekends, when standees wait patiently at the door. Crêpes and other light fare are available at street level. All the comely people—where do they all come from?

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too.)

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970): The patriarchal face of Jonah Jones shines with harvest-moon intensity from this perch atop the city, and his trumpet shines with horn-of-plenty intensity. His quartet reports at nine, Phil Wayne's worthy group reports at seven, and there's no stopping either of them until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **ST. REGIS-SHERATON,** Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500): The Roof, being ninety-nine-and-forty-four-hundredths pure escapism, floats, and grandly, well above smog level, while the orchestras of Quintero and Joseph Sudy trade places on the podium from eight until two. All this begins on Tuesday, July 9, and continues, except on Sundays and Mondays, through the summer. . . . **PIERRE,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): Here every bracket is upper, and up, too, is the music of the spheres—the social ones, of course—that goes on every single night in the Café Pierre. Johnny Mince's band is the purveyor each Monday and Tuesday; the rest of the week belongs to Stanley Worth's outfit. The Worthies are spelled, between sets, by the songs and piano of Ellen Harwicke, who knows what she's about. . . . **DELMONICO'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The restaurant is paved with good intentions, such as a take-your-time menu, a workable expanse of parquet, and the resolute beat of the little band run by Ernie Warren, who has spent a night-lifetime at this sort of music. Eight to one in midweek, eight to two Saturdays, not at all Sundays and Mondays. . . . **EL MOROCCO,** 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): Classes in Sociology 401 will resume on Tuesday, July 9, at eight and end at three in the morning, with the customary music. No go Sundays, though. . . . **THE RIVERBOAT,** Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (889-5100): Billy Maxted, who dates back to Red Nichols, plies a piano on his own behalf at the head of his own band. He begins at seven-thirty; the orchestra of Eddy McGinnis arrives at six. No blowing on Sunday nights, however. . . . **ROSELAND DANCE CITY,** 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200): A preservation society fond of such old American virtues as the fox trot and the two-step offers acreage, simplistically ornamented, in which they are revived, every night but Monday, unhampered by practitioners of the new, disassociational dances. Seven-thirty until one, mostly, but Sundays begin at 3:30 P.M., Wednesdays run from six-thirty until twelve, and the Fourth of July from two-thirty until twelve. The dietary laws are thinning indeed. . . . **TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN,** Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200): Summer camp for adults, and without camp councillors, so it is possible, on the outdoor terrace, for diners who dance to improvise their own special athletics. The music commences at seven-thirty every night, and runs on until after midnight.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"A Course of Events" is the given name of the economy-size revue that is taking its first steps at nine-thirty and midnight every evening but Sunday.

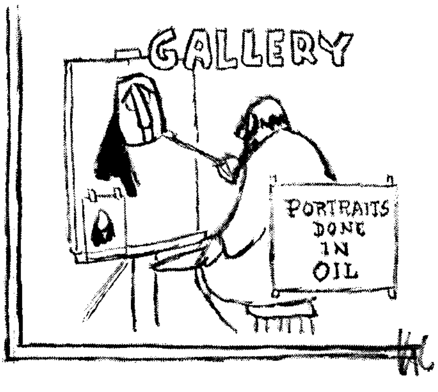
El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Somewhere in Israel, most likely on a ranch between Jerusalem and Beersheba, where the ranch hands gather at eventide for spots of song, dance, chatter, and whatnot. The major interests are Avram Grobard and Yoel Sharr, players and jokers. One dines as the Israelis do. Closed Mondays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner, dancing, and a show.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The Royal Box goes back into business on Friday, July 5, with Mel Tormé, that skillful troubadour, on the vocal chords and Jo Anne Worley on the bantering ram. The orchestra of Lee Evans returns to action the same night. Closed Sundays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (PL 2-8080)—Spain in broad spectrum (a spectrum almost too broad for viewers in the back row, but nevertheless a tremendous panorama), what with Los Chavales de España, their easy-does-it new-form folklore, and their stable of perky ballerinas. Also present (probably, that is): Yma Sumac, working once again at sea level, though her voice is still in the foggy Peruvian highlands. The players' stint is dinner and supper during the week, and thrice on Saturdays. . . . ¶ In the much smaller Flamenco Room, life goes on, too, on a no-nights-off basis, enhanced with guitar from five o'clock on, and voice after nine-thirty. Neither of them stops until way past bedtime.



Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900)—The deeds of Esther Tohbi, the self-electrified Israeli soprano, may oft remind us of certain American orioles, but no matter, for she is worth the loan of both ears. Scoey Mitchlll (yes, three "l"s), her sidekick, has the makings (and a couple of unmakings) of a real wit. On Thursday, July 11, a change of cast: Gladys Knight and the Pips, who are rhythm-and-blues. Twice a night, permanently. . . . ¶ In the street-level lounge from ten o'clock on, loud sings this and that cuckoo, often with electronic components.

Latin Quarter, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735)—The plentiful supply of statuary in the exhibit hall is all living, for it is made entirely of girl. This pleasant conceit leads to a great big formless, sometimes mindless revue, which is interspersed with the Everly Brothers (trenchant cantatas) and Leny Eversong (Brazilian sopranoing). On Wednesday, July 10, the Everlys will be replaced by Sheila MacRae, a gleeful prankster. Twice a night is the rule for the extravaganza, forever and a night.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—On Monday, July 8, the Persian Room comes to life again, once more to revive its summer custom of presenting sweet girl graduates—in this case, Grace Markay—to its public. She pops up during dinner through the week, during both dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. All evening long, the bands of Burt Farber and Mark Monte will proceed at their traditional brisk, bountiful, and blithe pace. All quiet on Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano-and-fiddle crew commences its career in the Palm Court, from four-thirty to six-thirty every day, and then—every night but the Fourth of July, Friday, and Saturday—moves on to the Edwardian Room. And the Palm Court, ever a thing of beauty, becomes even more a marbled hall in which to dream when Gunnar Hansen, violin at the ready, ascends the throne at eight. He does not abdicate until one. No music Sunday nights or on Thursday, July 4.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(No dancing, except as indicated.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): This country club ends its vacation on Monday, July 8, and proceeds to its summer schedule (no action on any Friday, Saturday, or Sunday). Goldie Hawkins, who could be called host with the most, and Wayne Sanders will do the bonhomie piano, singly and doubly, that is the trademark of the enterprise, and do it until early morning. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): No one sleeps aboard this West Indian cruise ship. Dining and listening to whoever is chanting those Basic English ditties of the region are the basic activities. Listening begins between eight and nine during the week, and ends between one and two. Closed Sundays; no music Mondays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The age median is permanently stuck in the middle twenties, and the Ah, Youth music is the work of Chuck Wayne's trio. It is distributed until late at night. No music Sundays; closed Thursday, July 4. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): A closeup view of Budapest from St. Margaret's Island—gypsies and all, bending over their hot fiddles and zimbalons. There is dancing (Béla Babai's band) and singing (Tibor Rakossy), and never a silent moment. Closed Mondays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): "Glass—Handle with Care" should be the label on the beaded walls that divide this strivers' paradise into a thousand corners, none of them quiet, for Scott Reed's piano and voice are hard at it from six until two every night but Sunday. . . . **THE APARTMENT,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): Second Avenue is hardly for everyone, nor is all of the amusement in this cranny ditto ditto, but the fact is that Charles De

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Forest's songs and piano cheer this den of propinquity, where he carries on to a late hour every evening but Sunday.... **GRENADIER,** 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (PL 3-2960): The ornamentation says that Big Ben should be striking the hours, but—as of Tuesday, July 9—it will really be Lynn Richards, a knowing nightlark, whose soprano and piano will take place from nine until two. Thereafter, she will show every night but Sunday and Monday.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Cy Walter, who concerns himself with the triumphs, not the trivia, of our current songwriters, is at the keyboard of the best-tempered piano in night life. Six to nine-thirty, ten-thirty to one is his agendum. Allan Haig's piano is the sole sound on Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Norbert Faconi, the Horatio at the drawbridge of this comfortable old castle, is on tap and on violin from dinner until late every night but Sunday.... **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Eternal (praise be!) Rome. The musicians, both vocal and instrumental, know every romantic work in the book. They are usually present from seven-thirty until two. Closed every Sunday.... **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Three times around the walls of Rome, and every night but Sunday, marches the troupe of musicians in the charge of Herman Honigsberg and his reasonably magic violin, but so gently do they swing and sing that nary a stone is dislodged. Seven is starting time, well after the theatre is closing time.... **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Alongside the bar of the Regency Room, which is all that the phrase "Park Avenue" implies, a piano runs its leisured course (mostly through nighttime Vienna, because Kurt Maier skips only Sundays) between five-thirty and half past midnight every single evening.... **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The way New York looked in the finest of its town-house days. In the bar, a piano gets to perform from six to one, except Sundays. Closed Thursday, July 4.... **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A baby grand is stroked from five-thirty to eight and from nine to twelve-thirty in the opulent bar-restaurant.... **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9494): Up the beanstalk (though just for one floor) into another world—Ottoman, Byzantine, or Erewhon? The piano in one of the dining alcoves is, though, as American as Rodgers and Hart. It operates six to one; the emporium operates daily except Sunday and Thursday, July 4.... **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Decorators' delight. The accent is Andalusian, especially when Rogelio Reguera picks up his guitar, which happens between seven-thirty and eight. He does not cease until somewhat past midnight. No music Sundays.... **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Reopens on Tuesday, July 9. A small world, but a good one of its kind, especially when Bobby Short, fitted out with two sidemen, gets to his piano and his lyrics, which mostly deal with the small world so well exemplified by his locale. Closed Sundays.... **LA RONDE,** in the Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): The chair of applied piano is occupied by a professor—Ray Hartley is the name—from an institution of quite high learning. He works out from five-thirty until one, though never on Sunday or Monday.... **PEACOCK ALLEY,** in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): Muriel Roberts, a girl keyboard operator with—wonder of wonders—a firm left hook as well as a solid right, does advanced cocktail and dinner music between Monday and Friday every week.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed Thursday, July 4.)

GALLERIES

EDWIN DICKINSON—Paintings and drawings by one of America's grand old men, featured this year at the Venice Biennale; through July 26. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Friday, July 5.)

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AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **AMERICAN GREETINGS GALLERY,** Vanderbilt Ave. at 44th St.: An exhibition of prints created in workshops of twenty American colleges; through Aug. 23.... **FRUMKIN,** 41 E. 57th St.: William Wiley, James McGarrell, Philip Pearlstein, Jack Beal, Peter Saul, and H. C. Westermann are among the artists exhibiting paintings and some sculptures here; through July 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5.)... **GRAHAM,** third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Fritz Glarner, Edwin Dickinson, and Frank Gallo; through July 26. (Closed Mondays and Friday, July 5.)... **IBM GALLERY,** 16 E. 57th St.: An exhibit of American folk art, mainly of the early nineteenth century and comprising a sampler, paintings on velvet, Pennsylvania Dutch fraktur paintings, and portraits; through Friday, July 12. (Closed Friday, July 5.) ... **LANDAU-ALAN,** 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Marcia Marcus, Jack Levine, Joe Brainard, and Jack Zajac are among the participants in a painting-and-sculpture show; through July 31. (Closed Mondays and Friday, July 5.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **SAIDENBERG,** 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Dubuffet, Klee, Masson, Picasso, and Kupka are several of the artists represented in a showing of oils and watercolors; through Aug. 16. (Closed Mondays and Friday, July 5.)... **WISE,** 50 W. 57th St.: An exhibition by artists who specialize in flashing lights, reflections, and animated objects and images; through July 26. (Closed Friday, July 5.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—Drawings and sculptures by gallery artists, among them Alechinsky, Bissier, and Bury; through July 25. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

FROM THE LANDS OF THE BIBLE: ART AND ARTIFACTS—An exhibition of nearly five hundred statues and figurines, jewelry, pottery, vases, utensils, ceremonial weapons, and coins, produced from 6000 B.C. to 135 A.D. by Biblical peoples; through July 31. (America-Israel Culture House, 4 E. 54th St. Open Sundays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Approximately two hundred late-nineteenth-century and twentieth-century European and American paintings and sculptures, many never shown publicly before, from New York City and Long Island private collections; through Sept. 2. (Except on Mondays, admission is $1.)... ¶ "Dutch Drawings and Prints Before 1800," a showing of works by Rembrandt, Lucas van Leyden, Bloemaert, and others less well known; through Aug. 25. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Thursday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Fifty-seven paintings, wall pieces, sculptures, and objects from the past twenty years by thirty-three artists, most of them "minimalists;" through Sept. 8.... ¶ About a hundred and fifty portrait and landscape photographs done during the past decade by Cartier-Bresson; through Sept. 2. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—An exhibit on the theme of fantasy, featuring Redon and Rousseau, and including Ensor, de Chirico, Chagall, Klee, Miró, Tanguy, and Dali; through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, July 4, from 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Eighty-six works by twenty-four twentieth-century Americans, primarily of the older generation, from the Museum's permanent collection; through Aug. 11.... ¶ Recent acquisitions of paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints covering prominent American artists of the early part of the century (Demuth, Hartley, Archipenko, and others) and extending into the most recent reputations (Judd, Snelson, Merkin, Grosvenor, and others); through Sunday, July 7. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Thursday, July 4, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Sixty-two works by Rodin, spanning his career and including studies for such major projects as "The Burghers of Calais," "The Gates of Hell," and "Balzac;" through Aug. 25. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thursday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new hall of Man in Africa surveys the history of the indigenes with illuminating displays of their art, crafts, dress, and the like. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thursday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Recent Italian paintings and sculptures, some by artists well known in the United States, such as Baj, Burri, Capogrossi, Consagra, Dorazio, Fontana, Scialoja, and the Pomodoro brothers, as well as works by younger Italians; through Sept. 2. (Mondays through Thursdays, except July 4, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Recent acquisitions; namely, medieval and Renaissance manuscripts, early and later printed books, bookbindings, and drawings, plus autograph manuscripts, letters, and documents. Through July 31. (Mondays through Fridays, except Thursday, July 4, from 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave., at 104th St.—A display, entitled "Gershwin: George, the Music/Ira, the Words," of original compositions, paintings and drawings, letters and photographs, and all the trimmings; through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thursday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—A selection of craft objects that straddle the line between craft and fine art; through Sept. 8. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Art of the Congo; through Aug. 18. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays and Thursday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420 and for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424.)

OPERA

ROME OPERA—Verdi's "I Due Foscari," with Renato Cioni and Mario Zanasi. Final performances of the engagement. (Metropolitan Opera House. Friday and Saturday, July 5-6, at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS

ROYAL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA—Antal Dorati conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, July 13, at 8:30, with Menahem Pressler, piano; and Sunday, July 14, at 8:30, with Jeanne-Marie Darré, piano.)

ENGLISH CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Daniel Barenboim conducting—Friday, July 5: An all-Mozart program, with Mr. Barenboim as piano soloist.... ¶ Tuesday, July 9: With Jacqueline du Pré, cello.... ¶ Thursday, July 11: With Emanuel Hurwitz, violin; Cecil Aronowitz, viola; and Mr. Barenboim as piano soloist.... ¶ Friday, July 12: With Miss du Pré. (Philharmonic Hall. Evenings at 8:30.)

RECITALS

FESTIVAL '68 CHAMBER ENSEMBLE—Richard Dufallo conducting two programs of contemporary chamber music. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, July 6, at 8:30, with Carol Bogard and Phyllis Bryn-Julson, sopranos, and the Lenox Quartet. Wednesday, July 10, at 8:30, with the Composers' Quartet; Bethany Beardslee and Susan Belling, sopranos; and the Festival Winds.)

Chamber Music of Haydn, Mozart, Schubert—The second in a series of three programs performed by Alexander Schneider and Isidore Cohen, violin; Samuel Rhodes, viola; Leslie Parnas and Robert Sylvester, cello; and others. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Tuesday, July 9, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Jazz in the Garden—Thursday, July 4, at 8:30: **MAX KAMINSKY DIXIELAND JAZZ BAND.** . . . ¶ Thursday, July 11, at 8:30: **THE SOFT MACHINE.** (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. 245-3200. In the event of rain, the concerts will be cancelled.)

MUSIC OUTDOORS

(In the event of threatening weather, call 755-4100 for news.)

Central Park Mall—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sundays and Thursday, July 11, at 8:30, and on Fridays at 7, for picnickers; through Sunday, Aug. 11. Herman Neuman will share in the conducting on Sunday, July 7, and Paul Creston will conduct several of his own works on Thursday, July 11.) . . . ¶ Boyd Neel conducting the Naumburg Orchestra, with Charles Castleman, violin. (Thursday, July 4, at 8:30.)

Wollman Rink—The Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval. Friday, July 5: Sarah Vaughan and Herbie Mann. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 6: Nina Simone and the People's Choice. . . . ¶ Monday, July 8: Ray Charles and his orchestra. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 10: Ramsey Lewis's trio and João Gilberto. . . . ¶ Friday, July 12: Pete Seeger and Len Chandler. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 13: Sergio Mendes and his Brasil '66, plus Montego Joe. (Evenings at 8 and 10:30; through Saturday, Aug. 24. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Riverside Park—Frederique Petrides conducting the Festival Symphony Orchestra in the third in a series of five concerts, this one with Graciela Rivera, soprano, and Alvaro Dalmar, guitar. (Friday, July 5, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be given at the McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St.)

Carl Schurz Park—Julius Grossman conducting the Municipal Concerts Orchestra, with Sharon Bennett, soprano. (Thursday, July 11, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be given in the Robert F. Wagner Junior High School, 222 E. 76th St.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 25—Friday, July 5, at 7: A recital by James Oliver Buswell IV, violin, and Lilian Kallir, piano. . . . ¶ Erich Leinsdorf conducting a chamber orchestra of Boston Symphony members in three all-Mozart programs. Friday, July 5, at 9: With Mr. Buswell. . . . Saturday, July 6, at 8: With Beverly Sills, soprano. . . . Sunday, July 7, at 2:30: With Claude Frank, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 12, at 7: A baroque-organ program. . . . ¶ Friday, July 12, at 9: David Zinman conducting the chamber orchestra, with Joseph Silverstein, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 13, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf directing the chamber orchestra, with Saramae Endich, soprano; Beverly Wolff, mezzo-soprano; Enrico DiGiuseppe, tenor; Paul Plishka, bass; and the Tanglewood Choir. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 14, at 2:30: Erich Leinsdorf conducting the chamber orchestra, with James Pappoutsakis, flute; Alfred Krips, violin; Martin Hoherman, cello; and Miss Wolff. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Opening performances (tentative schedule) by the New York City Ballet of a four-week season that ends on Sunday, July 28—"The Nutcracker": Thursday, July 4, at 8:30; Friday and Saturday, July 5-6, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Sunday, July 7, at 3:30. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 9, at 8:30: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 10, at 8:30: "Apollo," "Firebird," "The Cage," and "Variations." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 11, at 8:30: "Concerto Barocco," "Dim Lustre," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Friday, July 12, at 2:30: "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Pas de Deux," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Friday, July 12, at 8:30: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 13, at 8:30: "Apollo,"

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"Firebird," "The Cage," and "Variations." . . . ¶ Sunday, July 14, at 3:30: "Swan Lake," "Dim Lustre," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony." (Saratoga Springs. Through Sunday, Aug. 25.)

Waterloo Village Music Festival—Henry Lewis conducting the New Jersey Symphony Orchestra. Saturday, July 6, at 8: With Guiomar Novaes, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 13, at 8: With Janos Starker, cello. (Waterloo Village, Stanhope, N. J. Through Saturday, Aug. 31.)

Newport Jazz Festival—Thursday, July 4, at 8: Nina Simone's trio, Cannonball Adderley's quintet, Count Basie's orchestra, Gary Burton's quartet, Jim Hall, Barney Kessel, Mongo Santamaria's septet, and others. . . . ¶ Friday, July 5, at 2: Clark Terry's band, Rufus Harley, Dizzy Gillespie's quintet, Elvin Jones' trio, Archie Shepp's quintet, and others. . . . ¶ Friday, July 5, at 8: "Schlitz Salute to Big Bands," with Count Basie's orchestra, Duke Ellington and his orchestra, Dizzy Gillespie's band, Woody Herman's orchestra, Charlie Barnet, Tex Beneke, Benny Carter, Erskine Hawkins, and Jack Leonard. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 6, at 2: Duke Ellington, Johnny Hodges, Benny Carter, Montego Joe's sextet, Tal Farlow's quartet, Sonny Criss, Vi Redd, and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 6, at 8: Dionne Warwick, Duke Ellington and his orchestra, Hugh Masekela's quintet, the Alex Welsh band, Ruby Braff, Bud Freeman, Pee Wee Russell, Joe Venuti, and others. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 7, at 2: Ray Charles and his orchestra. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 7, at 8: Ramsey Lewis, Horace Silver's quintet, the Don Ellis orchestra, Roland Kirk, Sound of Feeling, and others. (Festival Field. For tickets, call 586-1400, in New York.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 6: Carol Sumner and Frank Ohman, Norman Walker (with Cora Cahan), and Teodoro Morca and La Conté. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 9-13: Solveig Oestergaard and Niels Kehlet, Jean Cébron and Pina Bausch, and Ritha Devi and company of Indian musicians. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays through Saturdays at 3.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. Pittsburgh, Thursday, July 4, at 1:05 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Mets vs. Chicago, Thursday, July 11, at 5:05 (twi-night doubleheader); Friday, July 12, at 8:05; and Saturday, July 13, at 2:15. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Baltimore, Friday, July 5, at 8; Saturday, July 6, at 2; and Sunday, July 7, at 1 (doubleheader).

Golf—New York State Golf Association Women's Amateur Championship. (Whiteface Inn, Lake Placid. Tuesday through Saturday, July 9-13.). . . ¶ John G. Anderson Memorial Tournament. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. Thursday through Sunday, July 11-14.)

Olympic Equestrian Trials—At Hamilton Farm, Gladstone, N.J.: Friday through Sunday, July 12-14.

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, July 27. The Suburban Handicap, Thursday, July 4; the Astoria, Wednesday, July 10; and the Dwyer Handicap, Saturday, July 13. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 3. The Monmouth Oaks, Thursday, July 4, and the Amory L. Haskell Handicap, Saturday, July 13. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)

Soccer—At Yankee Stadium—Generals vs. Boston, Wednesday, July 10, at 8. . . . ¶ Generals vs. Santos of Brazil, Friday, July 12, at 8:30.

Sports-Car Racing—At Watkins Glen: Saturday, July 13, at 3:15, and Sunday, July 14, at 1:15.

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, July 23. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 6:43.). . . HISTORIC TRACK, Goshen: Thursday and Friday, July 4-5, at 1:30. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 16.

Yachting—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Starting Saturday, July 13.)

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays; no meetings on Thursday, July 4. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—July 4 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "The Best Years of Our Lives" (1946), with Myrna Loy and Fredric March. . . . ¶ July 5 at 2 and 5:30: "8½" (1963), in Italian, with Marcello Mastroianni and Anouk Aimée. . . . ¶ July 6 at 11:30: "Warning Shadows" (1922), a German film, with Fritz Kortner. . . . ¶ July 6 at 3 and 5:30: "Pather Panchali" (1956), in Bengali, directed by Satyajit Ray. . . . ¶ July 7 at 2 and 5:30: "How Green Was My Valley" (1941), with Walter Pidgeon and Maureen O'Hara. . . . ¶ July 8 at 2 and 5:30 and July 9 at 2: Two programs of short films by Henri Storck. . . . ¶ July 10 at 2: "The Good Earth" (1937), with Luise Rainer and Paul Muni. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.). . . NOTE: Four programs in a series of Greta Garbo films, presented by Lincoln Center Festival '68. July 9 at 6:30: "The Saga of Gösta Berling" (1923), a cut version of the Swedish film. . . . ¶ July 9 at 9: "The *Saga of Gösta Berling" (1923), the uncut* version of the Swedish film, with French titles. . . . ¶ July 10 at 6:30: "The Joyless Street" (1925), a German film. . . . ¶ July 10 at 9: "Anna Christie" (1930), shown in both the American and German versions. (For information about tickets, call 765-5140.)

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Baseball—At SHEA STADIUM: July 14-15, July 26-Aug. 1, and Aug. 13-14. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: July 16-24, Aug. 2-5, and Aug. 7-11.

Golf—New York State Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Yahnundasis Country Club, Utica. July 23-27.). . . ¶ Metropolitan Golf Association Junior Championship. (Morris County Golf Club, Convent Station, N.J. July 24-26.). . . ¶ Metropolitan Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Metropolis Country Club, White Plains. Aug. 1-4.)

Horse Shows—Litchfield Horse Show. (Litchfield, Conn. Aug. 3.). . . ¶ Dublin Horse Show. (Dublin, Ireland. Aug. 6-10.)

Racing—At SARATOGA: July 29-Aug. 24. . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J. Aug. 5-Oct. 12.

National Rowing Championships—At Orchard Beach Lagoon, the Bronx: Aug. 9-11.

Soccer—At Yankee Stadium: July 14, 26, and 28.

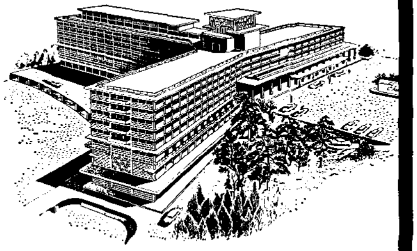
Sports-Car Racing—At Watkins Glen: Aug. 10-11.

Tennis—Pennsylvania Lawn Tennis Championships. (Merion Cricket Club, Haverford, Pa. July 22-28.). . . ¶ Eastern Grass Court Championships. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. July 29-Aug. 4.). . . ¶ Men's Invitation Tournament. (Meadow Club, Southampton, L.I. Aug. 5-11.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: July 24-Oct. 17.

Music—PHILHARMONIC HALL (TR 4-2424): Boston Symphony, July 17. . . . ¶ New York Chamber Orchestra, Aug. 5, 7, 9, and 10. . . . OUT OF DOORS AND OUT OF TOWN: Newport Folk Festival, at Newport, R.I., July 24-28. . . . ¶ New York Philharmonic in Central Park, July 30 and Aug. 6 and 13. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, at the Saratoga Performing Arts Center, Saratoga Springs, Aug. 1-25.

Other Dates—The Republican National Convention will start on Aug. 5 in Miami.



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Ronrico's a rum—a Puerto Rican rum. Perhaps the lightest, driest, smoothest tasting rum ever to cross the Caribbean.

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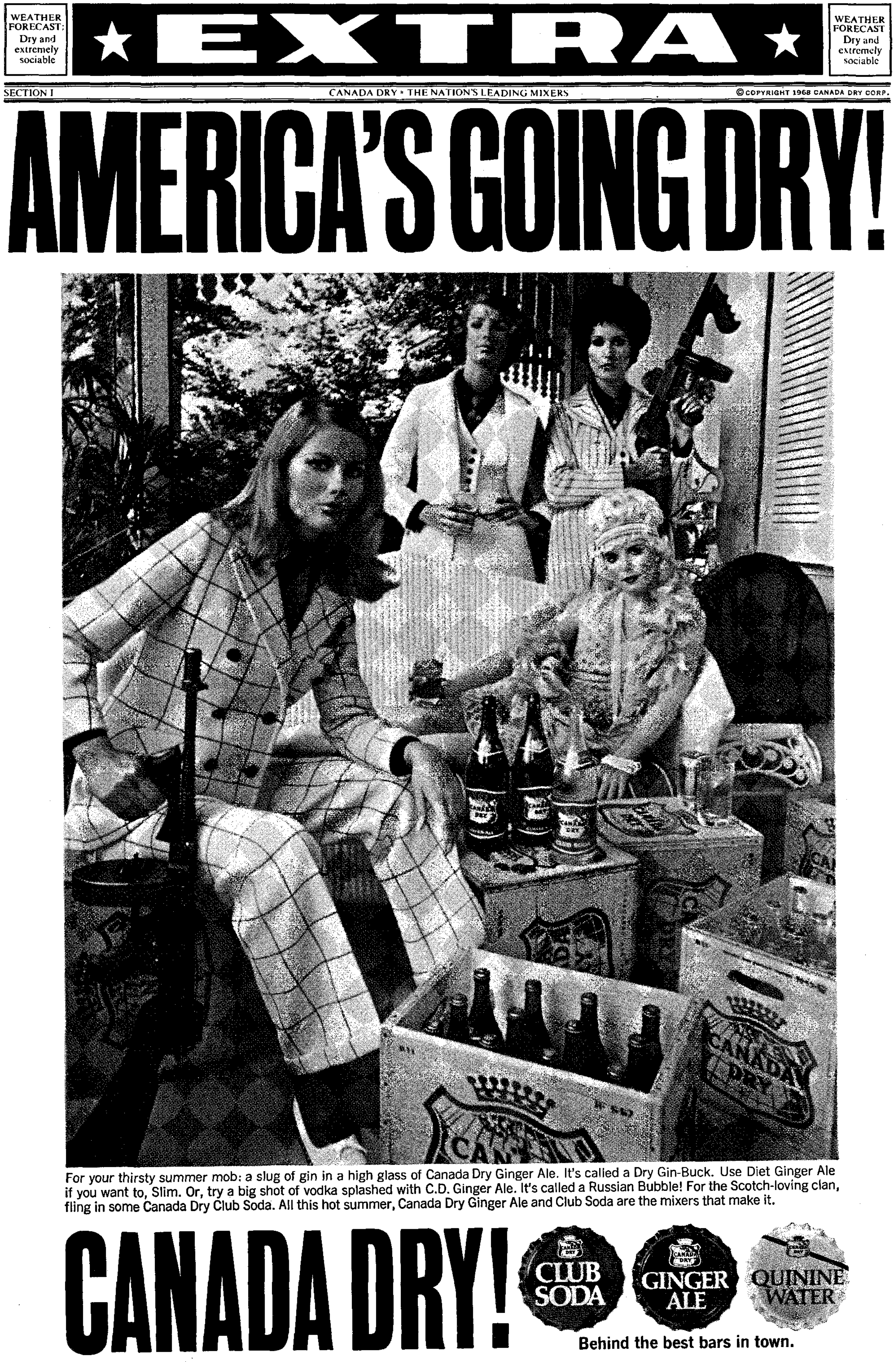

WEATHER FORECAST:
Dry and extremely sociable

★ EXTRA ★

WEATHER FORECAST
Dry and extremely sociable

SECTION I

CANADA DRY • THE NATION'S LEADING MIXERS

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AMERICA'S GOING DRY!

For your thirsty summer mob: a slug of gin in a high glass of Canada Dry Ginger Ale. It's called a Dry Gin-Buck. Use Diet Ginger Ale if you want to, Slim. Or, try a big shot of vodka splashed with C.D. Ginger Ale. It's called a Russian Bubble! For the Scotch-loving clan, fling in some Canada Dry Club Soda. All this hot summer, Canada Dry Ginger Ale and Club Soda are the mixers that make it.

CANADA DRY!

Behind the best bars in town.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Belle de Jour—One of the rare films about a girl's sexuality, made by Luis Buñuel. Catherine Deneuve plays the girl, highly respected in her Yves St. Laurent clothes when she goes to a brothel full of plump pros in the regulation black lace. Geneviève Page is very witty as the solicitous madam. In French. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

The Bride Wore Black—Jeanne Moreau as a multiple murderess in a film that turns out to be not a thriller but a peculiar and tenderly comic account of love for a murdered husband. François Truffaut directs, in open homage to Hitchcock—he is out of his genre, but the stamp of his grace is there. In French. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

Charlie Bubbles—Alienation again, this time as experienced by a rich, famous, and glum young writer played by Albert Finney, who also directed. The kind of monotonous, one-idea picture that gets high marks for integrity. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting July 10.)

La Chinoise—Jean-Luc Godard takes a playful but ultimately despairing look at the Red Guard thinking of a group of French boys and girls. An evocative, poetic up-to-the-minute comedy satire. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; through July 7.)

Doctor Dolittle—In which Rex Harrison is no more frightened of his many animal friends than he was of Eliza in "My Fair Lady." The switch is, *they* teach *him* how to speak properly, in pig, duck, and heaven knows what. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées weekdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Elvira Madigan—A beautiful young couple find that love is not all. Written and directed by Bo Widerberg. In Swedish. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

The Fifth Horseman Is Fear—Written and directed by Zbynek Brynych, this is a startling and masterly Czech film about a Jewish doctor's fight to retain his sense of himself in a neo-Nazi occupied Prague. Like Kafka, but only because this is Kafka's century, Brynych creates a world of slammed doors, eavesdroppers, stress secreted, words that aren't what people mean. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; through July 7.)

The Fox—D. H. Lawrence's English spinsters are transformed into Canadian lesbians in Mark Rydell's film. With Sandy Dennis as the weak one and Anne Heywood as the strong one. Keir Dullea makes a handsome fox. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through July 9.)

The Graduate—Life has many perils for the pure, as Dustin Hoffman finds. Among the perils is Anne Bancroft, and among the rewards of virtue is Katharine Ross. Directed by Mike Nichols. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

Nazarin—One of Buñuel's great Mexican films. Francisco Rabal (of "Belle de Jour") plays a defrocked priest. The film is full of rage and humor about the impossibility of Christianity as it is practiced. In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

The Odd Couple—Neil Simon's funny play, more or less taken to the screen by moving van. There is a brilliantly mopey performance by Walter Matthau as the card-playing divorced husband driven mad by a male crony who comes out in housewifeliness like measles. Jack Lemmon is the fusspot. Gene Saks directs. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

Petulia—Directed by Richard Lester, with Julie Christie and George C. Scott as swinging moderns pretending to feel no pain at all. A very eloquent film, deeply alive to modern kinds of distress, with Lester's best direction yet of actors. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Planet of the Apes—The tall hero, Charlton Heston, and the wide screen are wittily used in this good black entertainment about the future. Franklin Schaffner directed. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

The Producers—Mel Brooks wrote and directed this farce about the worst Broadway show ever put on and how it became a hit; the success of the movie is a parallel phenomenon. Zero Mostel, Gene Wilder, and Dick Shawn have their good moments. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Rosemary's Baby—A Gothic-gynecological horror film about a nice birdbrain—played by Mia Farrow—who lives in the Dakota with John Cassavetes and gets pregnant by Satan under the eye of Ruth Gordon as a witch neighbor. Ruth Gordon is very funny, but the film wastes its director, Roman Polanski. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

The Two of Us—The Second World War fable about an anti-Semitic old Frenchman and a Jewish child is affecting, but rather too simple and artless. With Michel Simon and Alain Cohen. Directed by Claude Berri. In French. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

2001: A Space Odyssey—Stanley Kubrick's poetic sci-fi odyssey of thirty-three years hence, and a beautiful, disquieting, immensely entertaining film. Made from his own novel and screenplay (both in collaboration with Arthur C. Clarke) and with his dazzling special effects. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30 and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Extra performance Thursday, July 4, at 10. Reserved seats only.)

War and Peace—Sergei Bondarchuk's seventy-millimetre, six-hour film of Tolstoy, in two parts, made with every resource of detail and dramatic intelligence, and with battle scenes that look like Goya's. Dubbed, by some apish decision. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. The schedule of showings is complicated; our best advice is to phone the theatre.)

REVIVALS

America America (1963)—An account of a young Greek's fierce journey to the land of his heart's desire. Written and directed by Elia Kazan. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 9.)

Beauties of the Night (1954)—Directed by René Clair, with Gérard Philipe and Gina Lollobrigida. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 8.)

Beauty and the Devil (1949)—Directed by René Clair, with Michel Simon. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 8.)

Billy Budd (1962)—A rousing sea story, starring Peter Ustinov, Robert Ryan, and Terence Stamp. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through July 5.)

Chaplin Comedies—"The Paper Hanger," "Triple Trouble," "His Night Out," and "Shanghaied," all mementos from the silent past. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 4.)

David and Lisa (1962)—A study of adolescent schizophrenia. Keir Dullea, Janet Margolin, and Howard Da Silva. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 6.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Sundays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Ivan the Terrible, Part I (1945)—Directed by Sergei Eisenstein. In Russian. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th, JU 2-3877; July 4.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—A study of an unprincipled and desirable woman and how she rewards the men who love her. With Jeanne Moreau, Henri Serre, and Oskar Werner, and directed by François Truffaut. In French. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th, JU 2-3877; July 5.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night (1962)—A film version of the great O'Neill play. The stars are Ralph Richardson, Katharine Hepburn, Jason Robards, and Dean Stockwell. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 9-10.)

Lord of the Flies (1963)—Peter Brook's adaptation of William Golding's novel. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 6.)

The Man in the White Suit (1952)—Alec Guinness as the inventor of a fabulous fabric. With Cecil Parker and Joan Greenwood. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 10.)

Masculine Feminine (1965)—Directed by Jean-Luc Godard. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 6-8.)

The Moment of Truth (1965)—A picture about a Spanish matador by the Italian director Francesco Rosi. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 5.)

Night and Fog (1962)—The classic documentary short about Nazi concentration camps, directed by Alain Resnais. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; through July 7.)

Odd Man Out (1947)—James Mason as a fugitive hunted by all the cops in Belfast. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th, JU 2-3877; July 10.)

Oliver Twist (1951)—John Howard Davies as Oliver, and Alec Guinness as Fagin. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th, JU 2-3877; July 7.)

Privilege (1967)—A bad dream of England in the near future, ruled by a pop-singer Savior. Directed by Peter Watkins. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 6-8.)

The Sleeping Car Murder (1966)—Yves Montand and Simone Signoret in a thriller, laid mainly in Paris. Directed by Costa Gavras. In French. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through July 9.)

Through a Glass Darkly (1962)—A girl who is going mad and knows she is going mad carries with her into horror her helpless father, husband, and brother. Written and directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th, JU 2-3877; July 9.)

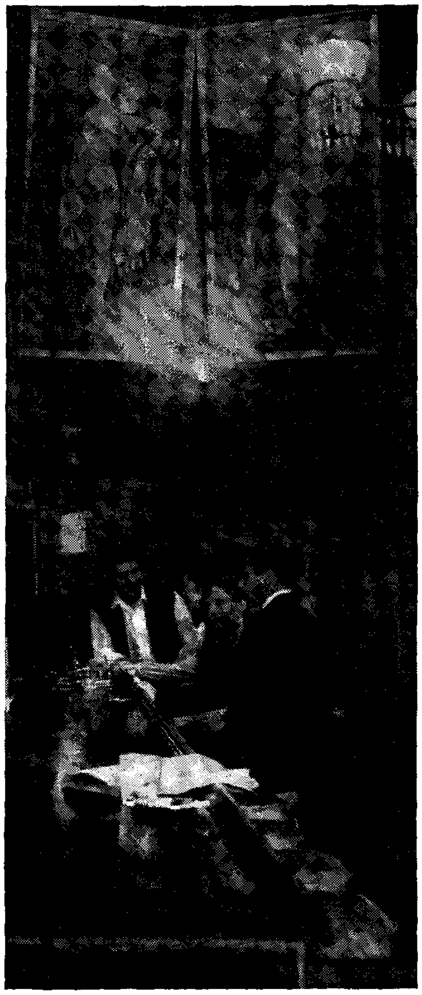
To Die in Madrid (1965)—A documentary about the Spanish Civil War, compiled by Frédéric Rossif. With an English narration. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 5.)

Ulysses (1967)—A sortie into the Joyce country. Directed by Joseph Strick. (Regency, B'way at 67th, SC 4-3700; July 4.)

Viridiana (1961)—Luis Buñuel's examination of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. In Spanish. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; July 8-10.)

Wild Strawberries (1957)—Victor Sjöström plays an eminent physician in this film directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th, JU 2-3877; July 6.)

Lejon Champagne Cellars, San Francisco



It's hard to get a bad martini in San Francisco. 1. The martini was invented there. 2. Most martinis are made with San Francisco's largest-selling vermouth: Lejon.

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EXTRA DRY
VERMOUTH

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
ELVIRA MADIGAN (in Swedish).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
To be announced.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through July 9: **THE FOX**; and **THE SLEEPING CAR MURDER** (in French), revival.
From July 10: **CHARLIE BUBBLES**; and "A Matter of Innocence," Hayley Mills, Trevor Howard.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through July 9: "Yours, Mine and Ours," Lucille Ball, Henry Fonda.
From July 10: "No Way to Treat a Lady," Rod Steiger, Lee Remick.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"The Queen," a film of a transvestite pageant.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Secret Life of an American Wife," Walter Matthau, Anne Jackson.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"The Thomas Crown Affair," Steve McQueen, Faye Dunaway.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Boom!," Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Hagbard and Signe" (in Swedish).

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE PRODUCERS.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
PETULIA.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through July 7: **THE FIFTH HORSEMAN IS FEAR**, a Czechoslovakian film.
From July 8: "The Story of a Three Day Pass" (in French and English).

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE GRADUATE.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Interlude," Oskar Werner, Barbara Ferris.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
THE TWO OF US (in French).

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
"The Swimmer," Burt Lancaster.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Man with the Balloons" (in Italian), Marcello Mastroianni, Catherine Spaak.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
ELVIRA MADIGAN (in Swedish).

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
ROSEMARY'S BABY.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Wild in the Streets," Shelley Winters, Christopher Jones.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Therese and Isabelle" (in French), Essy Persson.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through July 9: "Custer of the West," Robert Shaw, Mary Ure.
From July 10: "The Green Berets," John Wayne, David Janssen.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The Detective," Frank Sinatra.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AG 9-1144)
"The Thomas Crown Affair," Steve McQueen, Faye Dunaway.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (OR 4-3210)
Through July 7: **LA CHINOISE** (in French); and **NIGHT AND FOG**, revival.
July 8-10: **VIRIDIANA** (in Spanish), revival; and "Senso" (in Italian), Farley Granger, Alida Valli.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through July 9: **THE FOX**; and "Africa Addio," revival, an Italian documentary, with an English narration.
From July 10: To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"The Swimmer," Burt Lancaster.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Death of Tarzan," a Czechoslovakian film.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
"Dark of the Sun," Rod Taylor, Yvette Mimieux.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
"Benjamin" (in French), Michèle Morgan, Catherine Deneuve.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through July 9: "Custer of the West," Robert Shaw, Mary Ure.
From July 10: "The Green Berets," John Wayne, David Janssen.

Lyceum, 149 W. 45th. (JU 2-3877; evening performances only.)
July 4: **IVAN THE TERRIBLE, PART I**, (in Russian), revival.
July 5: **JULES AND JIM** (in French), revival.
July 6: **WILD STRAWBERRIES** (in Swedish), revival.
July 7: **OLIVER TWIST**, revival.
July 8: "Fires on the Plain" (in Japanese), revival, Eiji Funakoshi.
July 9: **THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY** (in Swedish), revival.
July 10: **ODD MAN OUT**, revival.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
DOCTOR DOLITTLE.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
WAR AND PEACE.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"The Green Berets," John Wayne, David Janssen.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
PLANET OF THE APES.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
THE ODD COUPLE.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
THE BRIDE WORE BLACK (in French).

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Survival 1967," Jules Dassin's film on the Israeli war.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
BELLE DE JOUR (in French).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
NAZARIN (in Spanish).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE GRADUATE.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"Inadmissible Evidence," Nicol Williamson.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
To be announced.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (SC 4-3700)
July 4: **ULYSSES**, revival.
From July 5: To be announced.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through July 5: **BILLY BUDD**, revival; and "The Horror Chamber of Dr. Faustus," revival, Pierre Brasseur, Alida Valli.
July 6-8: **MASCULINE FEMININE** (in French), revival; and **PRIVILEGE**, revival.
July 9-10: **LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT**, revival; and "A Time for Burning," revival, a documentary film.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"The Devil's Brigade," William Holden, Cliff Robertson.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
July 4: **CHAPLIN COMEDIES** (silent); and "Animal Farm," revival, a full-length animated cartoon.
July 5: **TO DIE IN MADRID**, revival; and **THE MOMENT OF TRUTH** (in Italian), revival.
July 6: **DAVID AND LISA**, revival; and **LORD OF THE FLIES**, revival.
July 7: "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn; and "The Lovers of Teruel" (in French), revival, Ludmila Tcherina.
July 8: **BEAUTIES OF THE NIGHT** and **BEAUTY AND THE DEVIL** (both in French and both revivals).
July 9: **AMERICA AMERICA**, revival.
July 10: **THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT**, revival; and "Kind Hearts and Coronets," revival, Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
ELVIRA MADIGAN (in Swedish).

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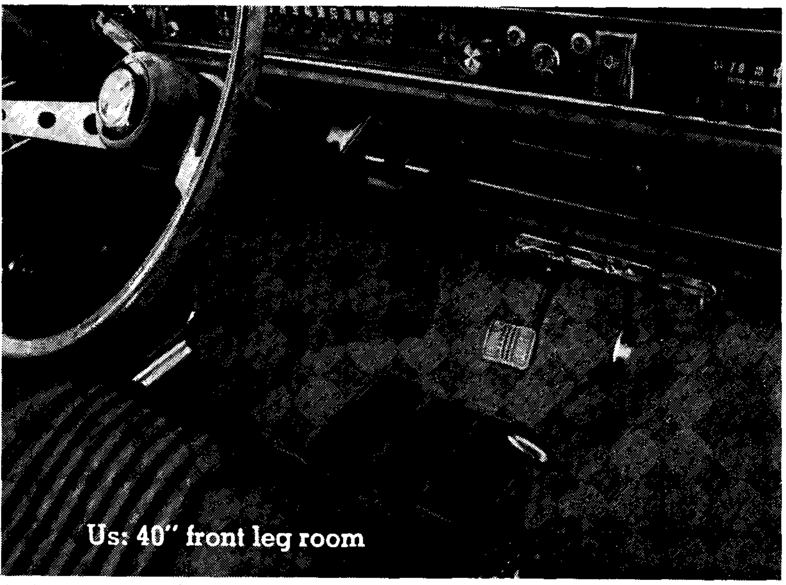
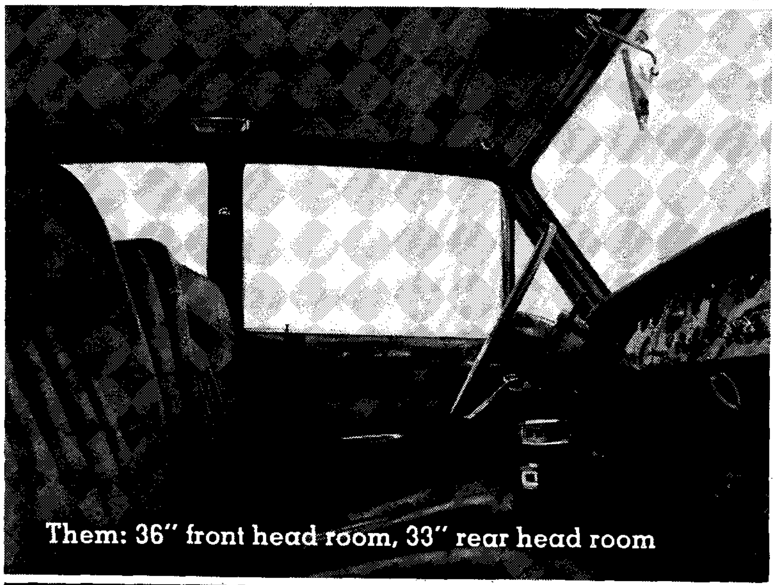
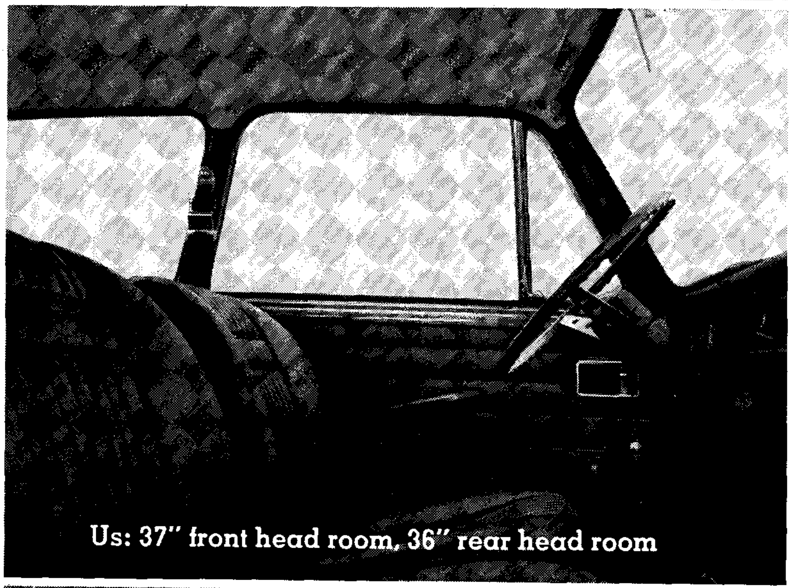
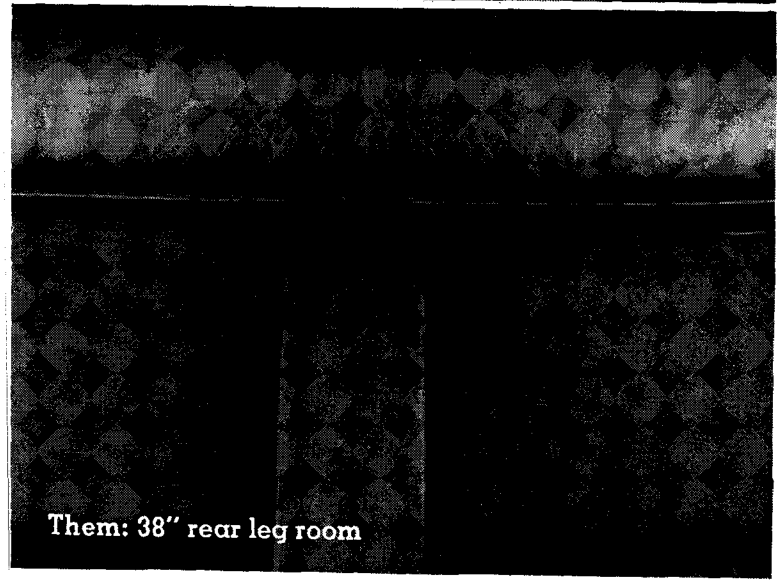
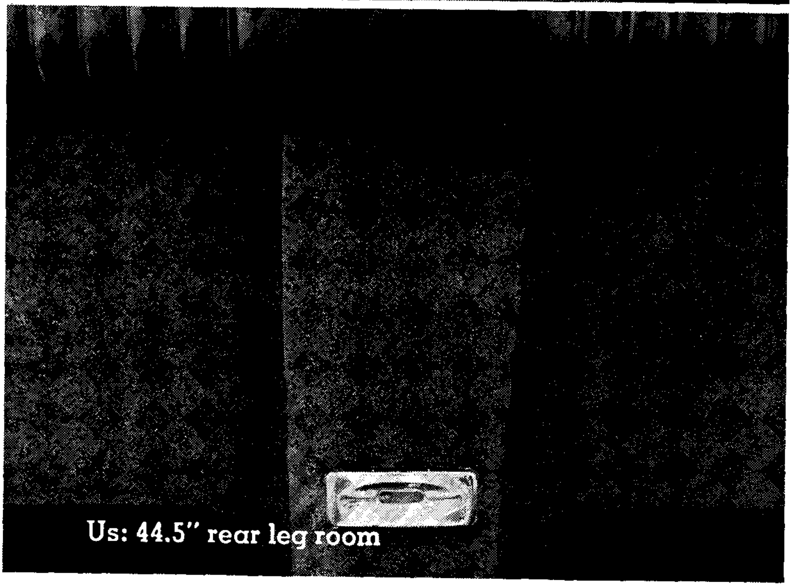

Us: 40" front leg room


Them: 36" front head room, 33" rear head room


Us: 37" front head room, 36" rear head room


Them: 38" rear leg room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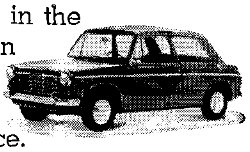

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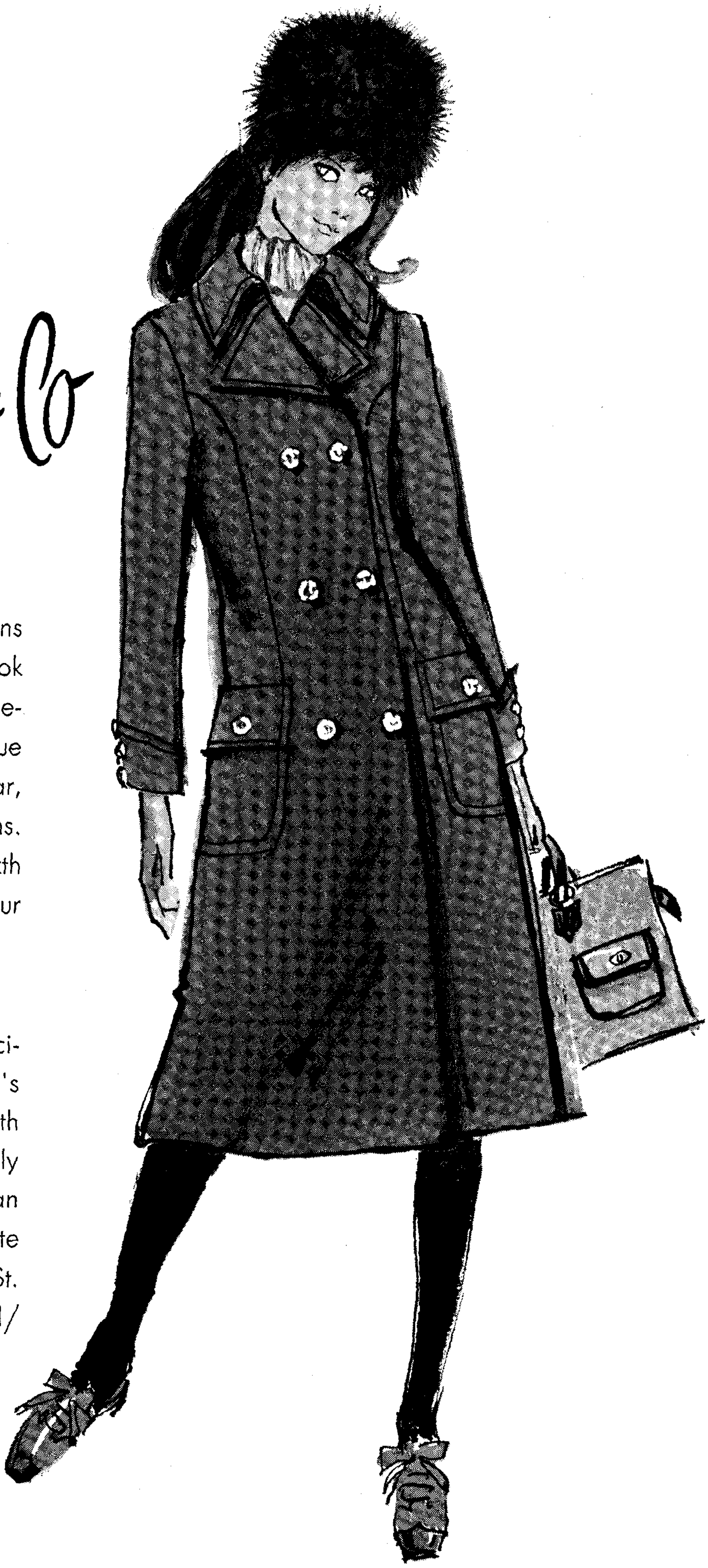


THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE grow increasingly disturbed these days, not just by the news but by its inexplicable lack of continuity. Crises swim into our concern, preoccupy us for a spell, and all of a sudden fade astern, like sailors fallen overboard, and there is never time to raise the alarm, for, as like as not, an important new crisis has shouldered its way to the front of our attention, and it is only in vacant moments that we begin to wonder about the aftermath of a war that did not so much end as go underground, or about a peace conference that loomed large as expectation but dwindled away in actuality. If we are to go by the news alone, time seems less a continuum than a progression of fits and starts, a theatre of crisis. In wartime, we formerly kept a map of the world with colored pins, and were globally anxious, for there was never any question of the whole not being the sum of all the parts. But now the tumult of a present event seems to claim a distorting share of our attention, to be presented more as a "happening" than as a happening. We have been thinking of getting out our map again, except that it must now be hopelessly out of date. Perhaps what we need is some kind of situation map of the world on our front pages, so that we can see where we are and what to expect, for, though crises pass, situations do not go away, least of all by being forgotten. Even if the world seems occasionally too much with us, we would like to see it all, with some proper sense of proportion. We feel the need of the continuum, if only to be kept aware that everything is in process and cannot yet be called fatal. Front pages have short memories, but we feel they should give us a chance to read the omens for ourselves, to have a look at the weather as well as the forecast.

London's Loss

THE Encyclopædia Britannica, which is celebrating its two-hundredth anniversary, has a new editor (its twenty-third), in the person of Sir William J. Haley, who had just flown here from his headquarters, in Chicago, when we lunched with him the other day at the Brussels Restaurant.

"Is there any bass that isn't striped?" Sir William, a slender man in a dark-blue suit, asked, consulting a menu that listed Striped Bass Dijonnaise. "In Chicago, there's a wonderful walleyed pike in the restaurants. Is there any pike that isn't walleyed?"

"The story of your life, please," we said, and Sir William, after ordering Eggs Benedict, obliged by remarking that he was born in 1901 on Jersey, the largest of the Channel Islands, where his father, who suffered from consumption, had gone from Yorkshire to take advantage of the mild climate.

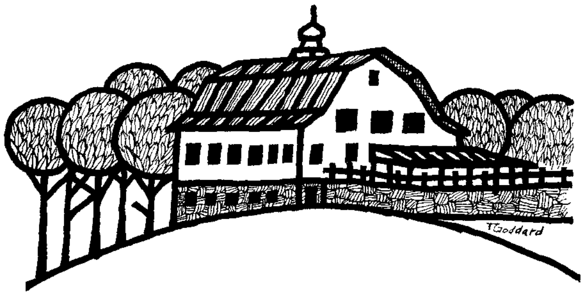
"He married a French girl there, and died when I was two," the son continued. "A good thing about living on Jersey is that one was bilingual there—not only my mother's family but much of the population is French; you can see the Normandy coast. I was fortunate in other ways. I went to Victoria College. The First World War was on; all the regular masters were in the service, and their places were taken by amateurs, who are always much better. We did Shakespeare on the cricket field. I played Mark Antony. I was taught to say, 'Lend *me* your ears.' The emphasis is important."

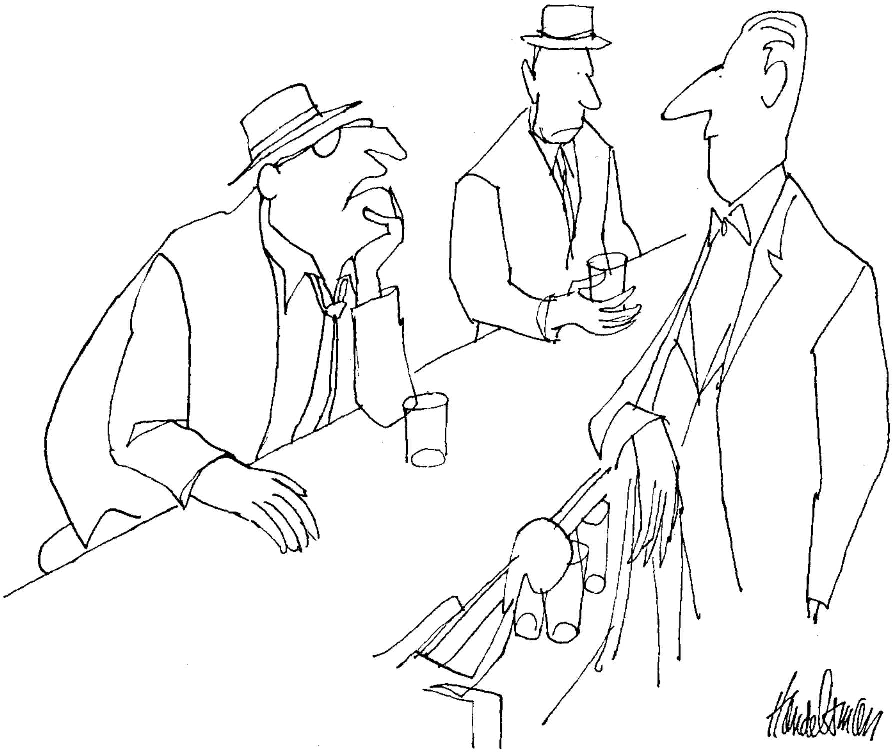
His eggs appeared, and he said, "What's the Benedict? Is it the ham or the English muffins?"

We continued to lend *him* our ears, and, after setting the muffins aside and lighting into the rest, he observed that he left school when he was sixteen to become a wireless operator on a merchant ship. ("At sea, 1918-19," his *Who's Who* entry reads, rather noncommittally.) He subsequently joined the Jersey *Morning News*, whose owner was a friend of his stepfather's. "I covered the police courts in the morning, interviewed people in the afternoon, wrote editorials in the evening, and reported weddings in between," Sir William said. "All this time, I wasn't being paid. 'I'll pay you when you're worth it,' the owner had told me. After six months, I was handed a pay envelope with half a crown. I was so hopping mad that I decided to leave the paper. The secretary of the London *Times* was a Jersey man, and I wrote him for a job. I was summoned to London, by cable, on October 12, 1920, and I started work on October 13th at half past nine in the evening. Three pounds ten shillings a week to take dispatches by telephone from the Continent. I knew French and English and shorthand, and I learned German. That was the end of my life on Jersey. Communications, so soon after the war, were chaotic, and I wrote a memo to our manager suggesting that a telephone system to cover Europe be organized in Brussels. After six weeks, to my astonishment, he called for me and gave me a thousand pounds to set it up. I was nineteen."

"What next?" we asked.

"I saw that Brussels was a





"So tell me. Do you agree with those kooks who are trying to take the guns away from us crackpots?"

• •

dead end for me journalistically," Sir William said. "I began to write free-lance articles for various English papers, including a weekly piece for the Manchester *Evening News.* One day, around Christmas of 1922, a man from the *News* walked up five flights to my room. 'I've come to see your father,' he said. I'd been writing learned articles on the steel market and so forth. He offered me a job. I went to Manchester as a reporter. After two weeks, I had a great stroke of luck. One of the subeditors dropped dead, and I was given his job."

Sir William smiled, fiddled around with the debris on his plate, and said, apropos of nothing on it, "I learned only last night that Idaho potatoes don't come from Idaho." He then went on to chronicle other strokes of luck, or pluck—the managing-editorship of the *Evening News* and a directorship in the *Guardian* in 1930, the chief-editorship of the B.B.C. in 1943, and its director-generalship the next year (he initiated its famous Third Programme); and in 1952 the editorship of the London *Times,* of which he became director and chief executive in 1965. He went to the city of walleyed pike in his present post last January. "We're busy bringing the Britannica's articles up to date, as well as producing new ones," he said. "Every living contributor has been communicated with and asked whether his work, in the light of later information, should be corrected or completely rewritten. We revise from four million to six million words a year. That involves opening all the twenty-four volumes. The death of a statesman affects more pieces than one. The recent devaluation of the pound will affect articles all over the place. It's a hell of a job, but we're in the same fortunate position as I was in at the B.B.C.—everyone is ready to help with advice and guidance. We're housed in a squat old warehouse on the Chicago River, but our administrative machine is like a Rolls-Royce—I'm talking about precision engineering, not the looks of the thing."

"Hobbies?" we asked.

"Reading," said Sir William. "I play no games of any kind. My motto is 'Don't stand if you can sit, and don't sit if you can lie down.' You can lie down a good deal weekends. I stopped playing golf and table tennis in 1938. I was fat as anything then. The more exercise you take, the more you eat."

He waved away a pastry cart and asked for the check.

Objects

WE had an invitation last week from a group, the American Craftsmen's Council, that has been re-thinking lately the whole problem of physical objects and what they are. The invitation was to a show (with the provocative title "Objects Are . . .?"), which the Council promised would "reflect the changing role of the creative artist in our society" and shatter our old concepts of the object. Suddenly unhappy with the obviously inadequate old concept we were able to muster, we set off for the Museum of Contemporary Crafts, where the show was installed, to see if we could pick up a new one.

When we arrived at the museum, we were greeted by an attractive blond woman, who said that she was very glad we had come and that she hoped we had brought an amusing object with us. We said that we had only our usual assortment of keys and little scraps of paper, none of them in the least amusing, and the blond woman said that *that* was too bad, because everyone else had brought an object to be incorporated into a collage to be assembled on the spot by Glen Michaels. She said that our invitation had said to bring an object, and, inspecting it again, we discovered that she was right ("For admission," it said in the small print, "bring an object—larger or smaller than a bread box—to be incorporated into an object collage assembled on the spot by Glen Michaels"), and, looking around the room, we saw that everyone seemed to have brought a very amusing object of one kind or another, and that Glen Michaels was already beginning to work on the spot. We wandered casually over to him (trying to give the air of one whose object had already been accepted and was about to appear in the collage) and saw that he was assembling his material in a very precise manner on a great gray wooden target, making use of hairnets and other small things, and even greater use of dozens of thin gray strips of plastic. A healthy-looking woman of middle age (an equestrienne, we could only assume) gave a large, bushy horsetail to Mr. Michaels, and he selected from it ten or twelve of the longest and most lustrous strands, braided them carefully with the thin strips of plastic (which he seemed to have brought himself), and stapled the resulting object to the collage. Two other women gave him sets of beads. One set was intact, the other was broken. Mr. Michaels took the unbroken set and used it in the collage. He put the broken set in a pile that seemed to be devoted to unsuccessful objects. ("Beads," we heard him say to a young assistant, "are one thing. *Broken* beads quite another.")

After stapling several more objects

to the collage, Mr. Michaels, a short man, slightly bald, who was wearing a business suit, spent some time surveying what he had done, and we took the chance to talk with him briefly and to ask what other object collages he had done and whom he had done them for. He told us he had done a twenty-foot mural for the people who make Bulova watches, a thirty-foot mural for the Continental Can Company, and a forty-foot mural for the International Monetary Fund, in Washington. From this, we concluded that manufacturers, bankers, and bureaucrats are more aware of the changing role of the creative artist in our society than one would think.

We were a little uneasy, because we had not as yet made any attempt to come up with a coherent new idea about objects and what they are, so we sought out Mr. Paul Smith, the director of the museum, who, we had been told, had arranged the show. Mr. Smith, a tall, spare man in his thirties, told us that he was glad we had no very coherent ideas about objects, because the answer to the question "Objects Are . . .?" is another question, or a series of questions. He led us to various displays that asked what he called "visual questions" about objects. One display, which featured a free-standing structure of yarn in a strong shade of orange, asked the question "Is Weaving Architecture?" A sign over a group of hand-blown drinking vessels, fantastically shaped, and of the sorts of color once favored by Louis Comfort Tiffany, asked (rhetorically, it seemed to us), "Do Cups Have Personality?"

We spent quite a bit of time looking at objects with Mr. Smith, and the most time of all in front of a remarkable (and remarkably large) chair-table-stool of laminated Afromosia wood created by Wendell Castle. "Now, you see, it is impossible to decide whether this object is a chair-table-stool or a piece of sculpture, and it is not necessary to decide," Mr. Smith said. "This show is an attack on the terminology we've been burdened with. Objects are statements *in themselves*; released from the maker, they take on their own identities."

Thanking Mr. Smith, and leaving the exhibit, we passed a slightly sinister object that involved mirrors and proclaimed "You Are an Object," and went out to see how Mr. Michaels was coming along. The collage seemed to be progressing very slowly, and only a small portion of the great gray target had anything on it at all. Mr. Michaels was still receiving objects from people who were coming in, and he greeted, with some enthusiasm, a piece of material he identified as "Thai silk from Japan." We heard the donor of the material, another middle-aged woman, say that actually it was a paper tablecloth from Arizona, and we left.

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VOICE heard over a loudspeaker in the Lawrence, Kansas, Woolworth's: "Buy now at greatly reduced savings!"

Revisited

ONE of the cheery sights of the Harvard Club block (and our block) is Hamilton Fish, the ex-congressman and former Harvard and All-America football tackle—an upright six-foot-four-incher with a beatific expression, whose springy stride belies the fact that he will be eighty next Pearl Harbor Day. Mr. Fish's beat, besides the Harvard Club, of which he has been a member for fifty-five years, includes the Hotel Mansfield, across the street, where he attends to various oil and insurance interests. Having last talked with him ten years ago, we met him at the club the other afternoon, and found him still enthusiastic at the recollection of his reception of the Walter Camp Foundation Award in New Haven last winter.

"The first time it was given," he said. "Its presentation to a Harvard man was an act of the highest sportsmanship on the part of the committee. I was acting captain of the Harvard team in 1908 and captain in 1909. I'm the last remaining member of Walter Camp's All-Time All-America Football Team, which was selected in 1915. Pudge Heffelfinger, Ted Coy, Jim Thorpe—they're all dead. The award, a scroll, was given to me at a dinner of two hundred men in the Yale Commons, all in tuxedos. They paid fifty dollars apiece. I raised the point that this country ought to have a football stamp, perhaps with a picture of Mr. Camp, the master spirit of the modern American game of football. I call him Mr. Football. Football is a business of a hundred million dollars a year or more. We've had a baseball stamp, a ski stamp, a javelin stamp, and a running-track stamp, but not a single football stamp. I wrote a letter to the Postmaster General about this and got a nice reply. I have a very substantial collection of stamps myself, including the best assemblage of football stamps in

existence. Over five hundred, all from foreign countries. I may auction my collection off someday. It's in over a hundred albums, and the storage is expensive. I've had them in twelve trunks in a warehouse for more than twenty years. I began to collect stamps at a time when my first wife was sick and we didn't go out much. I spent about three thousand dollars a year on them for ten years. I married my second wife, a lovely Russian girl, a year ago, and we go out every night. Dinner parties. Balls. We go to the annual ball of the Order of Lafayette, of which I'm president general. My great-grandfather, Nicholas Fish, was an intimate friend of Lafayette. Lafayette dined twice at his house, 21 Stuyvesant Street, on the old Governor Peter Stuyvesant farm, which Nicholas Fish's father-in-law, Peter Stuyvesant, a great-grandson of the Governor, built in 1803 as a wedding present for his daughter Elizabeth. It was the biggest farm in New York, with pear trees and enormous gardens that went all the way to St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie. The house is still there. My grandfather, the first Hamilton Fish—I'm the third, my son is the fourth, and *his* son is the fifth, and there was a cousin of that name who was killed in the Spanish-American War—was born there. He was named after Alexander Hamilton, who was also an intimate friend of my great-grandfather. We're not related, although I'd be glad if we were. My grandfather Fish didn't like his first name, on the ground that Hamilton was a bastard, but I don't feel that way. I have thirty letters from Lafayette to Nicholas Fish, all very affectionate and all written in beautiful English."

We had noted, over the years, a good many letters from our companion in the *Times*, some of them opposing the Vietnam war, and we mentioned that.

"The war is a tragic mistake," he said. "We have suffered terribly from it. Our standing in the world is the lowest in history. The war has promoted Communism by fifteen to twenty per cent in every nation of the world, including our own. While our hands were tied in Vietnam, the Communists have taken over the Arab nations and have gone into Africa. They're spreading into Nigeria. I've given the *Times* twenty-five letters in the last two years, and they've published twenty. I wouldn't have any objection to the Communists if they had free elections and free speech, but if they did they'd get thrown out of office more quickly than you could imagine. Will you join me in a drink?"

Distinction

WE were having lunch the other day at a midtown restaurant and could not avoid overhearing two high-powered executives discussing high-powered matters at an adjoining table. They were concerning themselves with some new, intricate, and extremely costly piece of electronic equipment. "It's miraculous, all right," said one of them, "but nothing out of the ordinary."

The Floor

ON Monday, Wednesday, and Friday afternoons, people who feel the need to dance a mambo or two after lunch at the Roseland Ballroom, on West Fifty-second Street, have to go elsewhere; at Roseland, they would find a room full of musicians but no music. On those days, Local 802 of the musicians' union, whose offices are in the same building, makes the dance floor available to musicians looking for jobs and to orchestras looking for musicians. Among musicians, it's known as The Floor. A couple of Wednesdays ago, an old friend of ours named Dutch Wolff, a saxophonist who recently formed his own orchestra, agreed to show us around The Floor and explain how it works.

It started working the moment we arrived. A harried-looking young man in a polo shirt rushed up and said, "Dutch, do you know where I can find three rock-and-roll drummers for Saturday? I have to have three rock-and-roll drummers."

Wolff suggested somebody who might have a lead on rock-and-roll drummers.

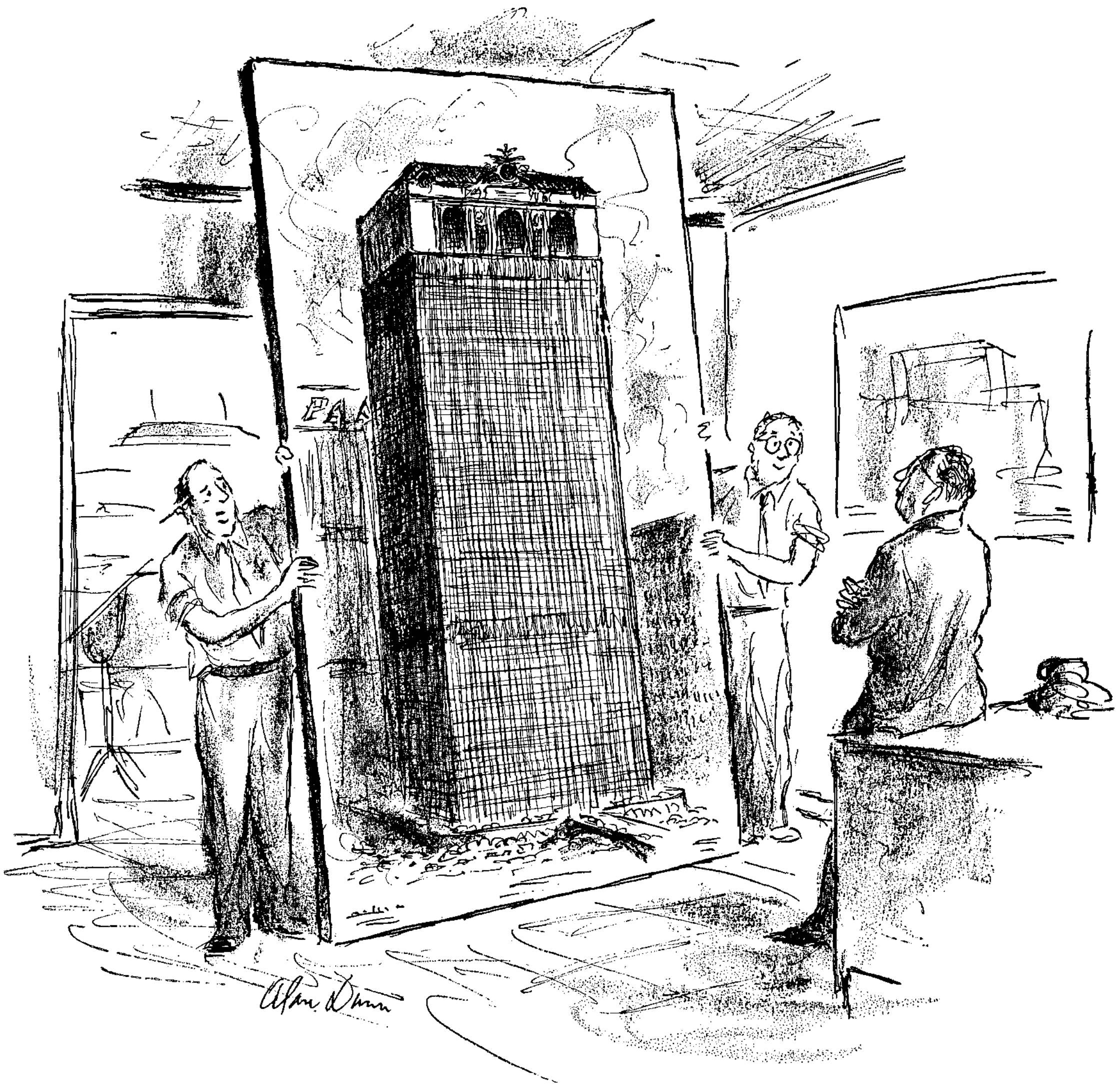
"These rock-and-roll drummers are so busy they can't breathe," the young man said. "Guitar players are making a fortune."

He rushed away, and almost immediately another man—a tall man wearing a turtleneck sweater and a blazer—came over, slapped Wolff on the back, and said, "Hey, Dutch, you think you can sic a couple of your boys on me for Saturday night? I'm desperate."

Wolff wrote down two names on a sheet of paper and handed it to the tall man. "These are real hideaways," he said. "One of them works in a cemetery and the other one's a barber."

By this time, we were bewildered by The Floor, and a quick glance around did nothing to clear up the confusion. The dance floor had been covered with green canvas, but otherwise the Roseland Ballroom looked ready for another set of fast foxtrots. There were a few thousand people on The Floor—chiefly men—and most of them were standing in small groups, chatting. Occasionally, a man would detach himself from a group and go over to another, shaking hands all around, but very few people were rushing about like the young man in the polo shirt. It looked like a large cocktail party without drinks. Two or three venders circulated among the people on The Floor, displaying neckties and cummerbunds on trays, the way cigarette girls in night clubs carry cigarettes. There was one man sitting on the bandstand, behind a microphone, and he steadily called out names, repeating them two or three times, like a bingo caller. Another caller was apparently sitting behind a microphone that we couldn't see, for names were being called out by two voices.

"It's all a matter of personal referrals," Wolff explained. "Some guy might need a drummer for Saturday and ask me, and next week I might ask him. Sometimes it gets more specialized. Someone might ask if I know a saxophonist who's free Saturday and then ask if the one I recommend can fake a second-tenor line. You have to depend on other people knowing what they're talking about. No one carries around a résumé; there aren't any auditions." He added that, except in the case of the big-name bands, few musicians play steadily for one leader. Each leader has several people he calls on regularly in return for their loyalty on crowded dates; they are called his "first men." Then he turns to the pool of musicians. He telephones some of those he has used in the past, and he has his "contractor"—often one of his first men—look around on The Floor. A couple of people have become full-time



"We think Marcel Breuer really has it licked now."

contractors (the young man in the polo shirt worked for one of them). "In a way, orchestra leaders have orchestras," Wolff said, "but in a way what we really have is a name, some first men, a union membership list, and this."

Wolff explained that the musicians on The Floor became accustomed to distinguishing between the two voices coming over the loudspeaker—one paged people to the front of the room, and the other paged them to the telephone—and also became accustomed to returning to a particular section of The Floor each time they came. Many of the people in the section we were standing in, he said, were interested in full-time jobs with big-name bands. The center of the hall is popular with those interested in Latin music and Negro jazz. Wolff spends most of his time at the far end, with those who play what musicians call club dates. Although the term "club date" may have started with orchestras playing at country clubs, it now means any one-time appearance—a subscription dance, an office party, a wedding, a bar mitzvah, a coming-out party. Many of the musicians who play club dates have other careers; on the way over to the far end of The Floor, Wolff pointed out a man whom he described as a fine furrier and a fine bass player. "A lot of the people who play steadily for the big-name bands are first-rate musicians, but most of them need written arrangements," he said. "A lot of them couldn't just sit down and play a chorus of 'Dinah' if their lives depended on it. With these guys—the club-date guys—all you have to do is name a tune. You don't even have to tell them what key. They all play it—in the same time, in the same key. Most of them can play any style of music. They can play *kasatskes* for a bar mitzvah or they can play society music all night, and the same musicians might do both for two different orchestras playing two different club dates on the same day."

Wolff introduced us to one of his own first men, who turned out to be a girl—a pretty singer named Nancy Manning. Miss Manning can appear in three types of outfit—a "sparkly, sequiny thing," a simple cocktail dress for society dates, and a rock-and-roll get-up—but even with that versatility she has no guarantee that she will work at every club date the Wolff orchestra plays. "There are some dates, like Gentile weddings, where you just can't use a girl singer," Wolff explained. "So we try to find Nancy work with someone else on those nights."

Miss Manning said that girl singers are not the most requested performers for Jewish weddings, either, and are not in great demand for coming-out parties.

"Any place where another pretty girl is supposed to be the center of attention," Wolff explained.

"What type of musician has the easiest time finding work?" we asked, thinking of rock-and-roll drummers.

"Probably a strong singing accordionist," Wolff said. "In some of those catering halls, either the piano is useless or it's not there, and you can substitute an accordion. Come on, I want you to meet someone."

We followed Wolff over to a short, cheerful-looking man. Wolff introduced him as Herman Fink, a drummer, and told us that without people like Fink—people who had been on The Floor for years and had all kinds of information and gossip for everybody—the hiring system couldn't work.

"I've been around a long time, all right," Fink said. "I played Abe Lincoln's bar mitzvah."

"Herman's got a set of drums that's three hundred years old, and he bought them new," Wolff said.

"That's *my* line," Fink said, but he laughed anyway.

As we walked off, Wolff said another asset of Fink's many years on the club-date scene is that he has become acquainted with most of the kitchen help in the hotels and catering halls in the area. "He's the greatest scrounger in New York," Wolff added. "If there's a hard roll in the kitchen, Herman can find it."

COCKCROW

IT must be nearly midnight. Yes. The big lighted clock across the river reads eleven-thirty-five. A hundred yards away in the other direction, the cars are whipping by as they do at any hour on the West Side Highway, and farther off the moon is climbing up the backs of the midtown buildings. The air is warm. The river smells of—the river. Everything is normal, clear, in place. Everything is as it should be. I could pinch myself, I suppose. I am Ellis Blanchard, as always. I am forty-six. I deal in paintings, and occasionally in sculpture. I live on Central Park South. I live alone. Why am I here? How did I get here? This ship, undeniably docked at the foot of West Fiftieth Street, is undeniably the Ludovico Sforza. But how do I know that? Have I been aboard before? And what was my father doing a moment ago, there by the rail, looking out toward the reflections of New Jersey? I know it was Father, though I was too confused and surprised to call out, even if I had wanted to—and why should I *not* want to? He turned in my direction before he walked away, but I don't think he could have known me, the deck is so dim and he is so nearsighted. I had already recognized him. The slight, straight build, the fringe of gray hair, forever too long, under the edge of the homburg he considers mandatory summer and winter, the cane he always soberly carries but never swings. . . . Hold on. My father's dead. Am I?

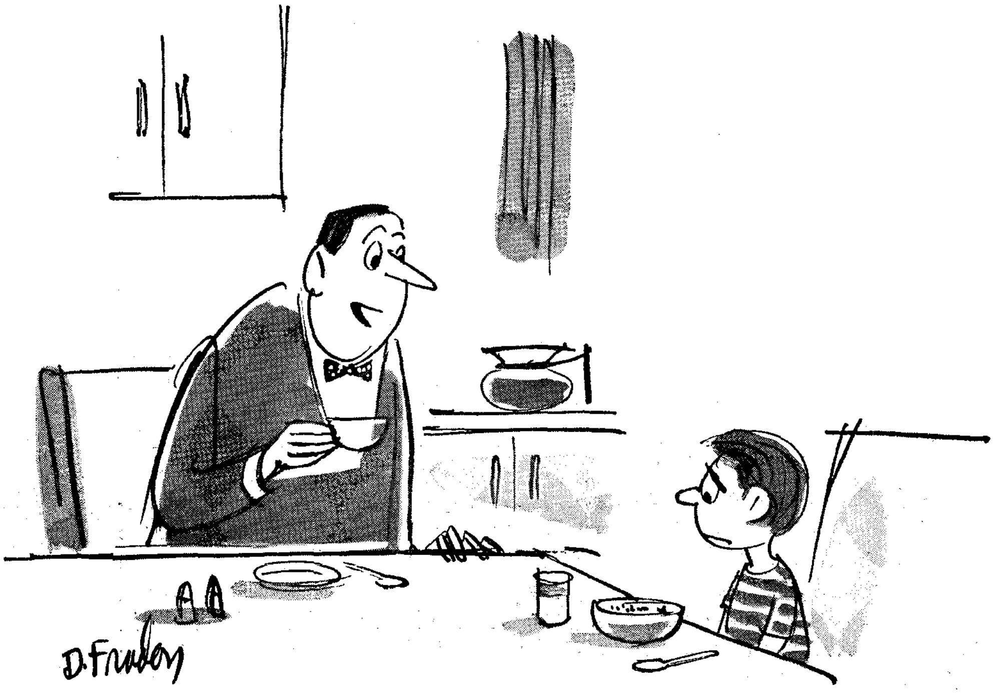
I don't think so. I am sure not. Am I dreaming? No. This is no dream, and yes, I have been aboard this ship before. I crossed to Naples on her a year ago, but I have also come to her in port at night—like this, though less clearheadedly. Twice. It is strange, but not a dream. And now I remember that Father died on this same ship eight months ago. It happened quickly, I believe. He may even have died happy. All his life, his ambition had been to get to Rome, and he finally made it. He went to Italy on this ship, and partway back, and now it appears that he is on it still—and I am also here. Did he somehow call me—summon me? Could that be?

I suppose it *could*, though I don't recall his being around the other times I came. Everything was hazy. But tonight I stood in my bedroom and saw myself asleep, then suddenly I was here. I've read about so-called astral bodies traipsing about. They're supposed to be our discarnate selves, possibly rehearsing for the future. That would put me over in Father's plane, though only temporarily; presumably I'll be popping home at cockcrow. Well, I never took any stock in such stuff, or in hauntings, either. They have to be delusions. A little parapsychology is a dangerous thing. *But*, there he stood, and here I am, call it what you like. And I am also on Central Park South. If he sent for me—and I am growing surer of it—why didn't he know me and speak? I must find out. I must look for him and ask what all this means. Besides, it would be—well—unfilial just to ignore him, now that I've seen him. So I will go around the deck and then down through the ship until I find him.

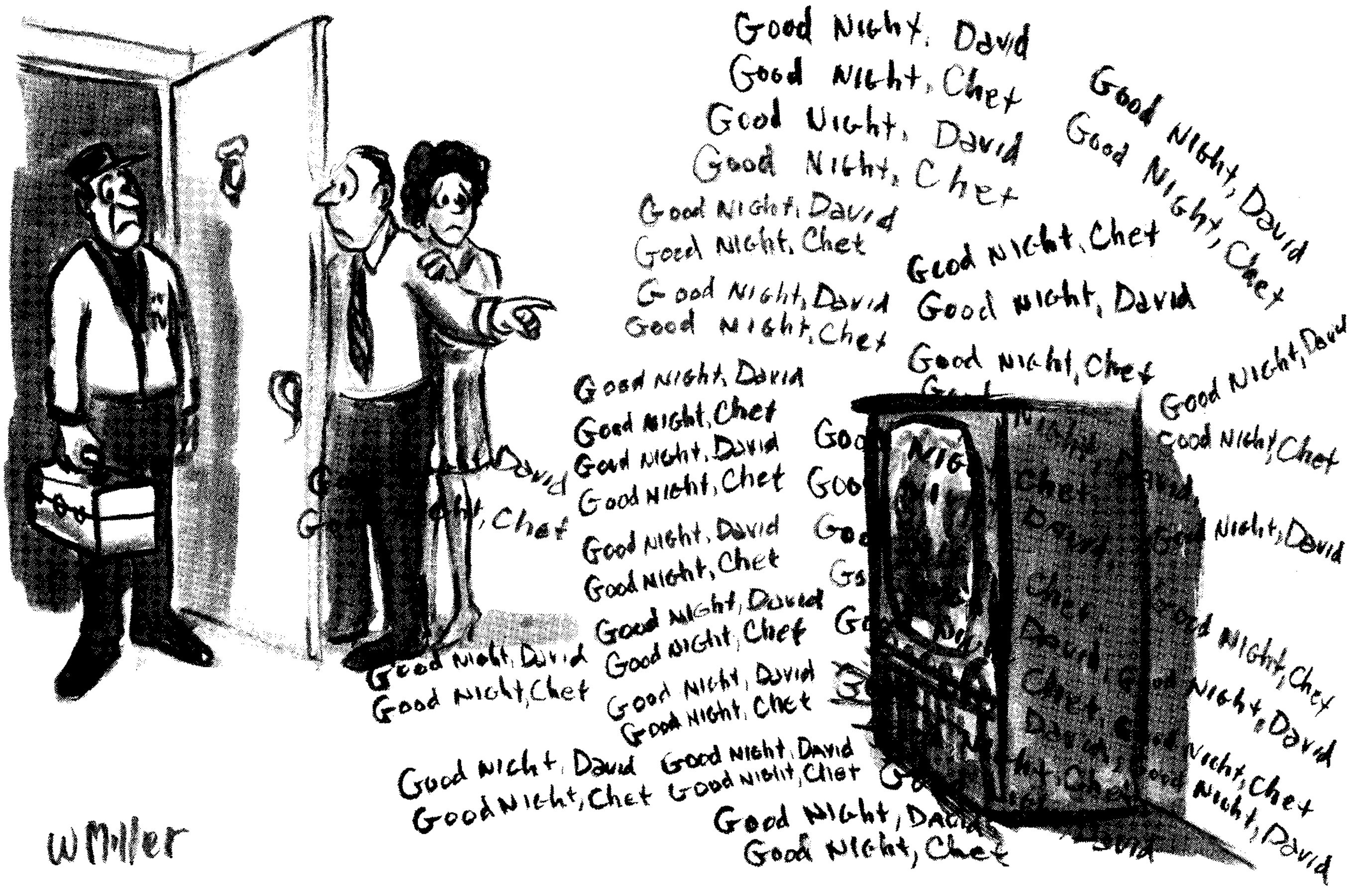
I can just barely hear men working off near the bow, where the neck of a ship's crane arcs and creaks in a yellow light from below. Here, only an occasional lonely bulb breaks the darkness. If I am not mistaken, this is the playground deck—the Lido, they call it—and yes, there is the pool, and the canopy behind it, and the Lido Bar, where there was revelry by night and buffets were served at lunchtime, and where I drank a fair-sized ocean of Negronis on hot noons with Lavinia. Of course, she never consumed them at the rate— *Lavinia*? I wonder where she is, and with whom. In Philadelphia, where she lives and works, no doubt. Sound asleep, by herself. All this whole year, I could have reached her at any time in Philadelphia. Lavinia. I thought I was quite done with that, but suddenly it's crowding back, and under very peculiar circumstances. The ship's fault, naturally. Why, that was just a postponed adolescent crush. But I wasn't prepared to fall in love after forty-five years and two divorces with a girl not yet thirty. A remarkable girl, to be sure—a physicist, of all things—and how small she was and how young she looked! And how unscientific. I'm not sure at all that I care to remember how those eight days and evenings felt, but it would seem that I've begun. I shouldn't have come to this ship.

Yes, but I have come, and I must search for my father, little as I crave to. There's no point in mooning over long-gone days with Lavinia. So—Father. I must say I haven't searched for him very often in the course of the years, but now I feel compelled. It *is* a summons. I wonder which cabin was his. It—happened there, I was told. I didn't manage to see him off, but I had the number— No, that was when he sailed from here; coming home, it was another cabin. Let it go. It's just as well not to know. I suppose I should have made more effort to get to his sailing, but I never dreamed he wouldn't be coming back. Alive, that is. In the corporeal sense.

And what in the name of God am I going to say when I find him? "So sorry to have missed your sailing"? It doesn't seem exactly adequate. (I sent champagne and flowers, of course. I wonder if he even liked champagne. I wouldn't know.) Yes, and suddenly



"You don't see Hubert Humphrey going around with a long face."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Good Night, David
W Miller

that apology seems all too typical of our dialogues. We have a way—had a way—of talking past each other in standard courtesies. But that was to be expected. I live and work in New York and sometimes in Europe; he lived and worked in Indiana. Painting and sculpture just haven't too much in common with soil analysis. I tried to bridge the distance with Christmas gifts, and letters when I could—letters about as expressive as our talk. Well, it can't be helped. Anyway, not now. At least, if I remember right, I paid for most of his trip. Made him a present, didn't I? But there is *something else* about that trip that I seem to be trying to recall—*need* to recall. I think it is why I am here.

Father is not on this deck. I'll step inside. It is very dim in the Lido Bar, but the glasses glitter still on the shelves and the mirror glints. Perhaps he came once or twice to watch the dancing, but I doubt that he joined in. Well, *I* have danced here, and walked on deck in the moonlight, and danced and walked, past the Azores, past Gibraltar, on through *mare nostrum.* I called it that once, lightly, and she laughed. She thought I danced very well, though I hadn't bothered to try in twenty years. She had a trace of a stammer, and when it caught her her eyes would open in surprise. Gray eyes. Light hair. It blew as it liked all day, and at night she would transfigure herself by piling it on her head.

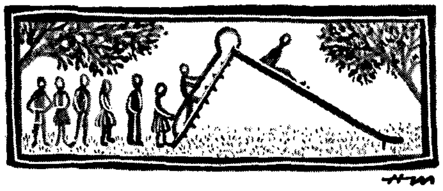
How many years has it been since I last saw Father? Five, maybe? Six? Not quite. Mother died six years ago. I went out to visit him the following winter. Felt obliged, I suppose, though I did contrive to miss Christmas, to his sorrow. He spent it with his cousins near Terre Haute. Why, I did him a favor, getting him out of the house that day; we would surely have observed the feast at home if I had been there. Tree and crèche, wreaths and candles—the works. Mother would have been spoken of with restraint—no open grief—but she had always seen to the holiday trappings, and he would have set them out like a ritual. A regular Mass for the dead. A simple man, really. Limited in many ways, but certainly well-meaning. We would have tried to make talk. I shudder. But if I could never discover what to say to him, why *has* he sent for me now? It's about his trip. I must think back while I look for him. Perhaps when I meet him it will help to have remembered him. Perhaps it will give me a clue to why I am here.

So, out of the Lido and down the glimmering corridor to the big staircase where Lavinia and I so often met. It was exhilarating to have her spend most of her waking time with me. After a day or two, she seemed to take it for granted, but I never did. There was always a flicker of triumph in finding her waiting, or in watching her come to meet me. Love is vain. But I had grounds for vanity. She was the best-looking girl, or woman, on this ship. I was soaring. Well, well—am I looking for Lavinia or for Father? Think back, think back.

Mother used to insist, "Your father has dignity." I guess he was only shy—I guess it tonight. I always supposed that he was stiff and distant. But now all at once I am recalling a day when he surprised me. It was in my freshman year. I asked him to come and see the Dad's Day football game. Felt obliged again, apparently. He came—cane, homburg, and all. He was very polite—quite formal—until the team ran onto the field and the crowd burst into a cheer. Then he cheered, too. I was shocked. He seemed to me to be yelling like a Comanche, though it wasn't especially loud. But again, when they sang the alma mater, he sang right along, and I felt that he was all but topping the glee club. He smiled at me in a tentative way. I wonder if he cheered and sang—oh, accept it, I *know* he did—to try to make us friends, to close the space. It must have cost him. He was no Comanche. And it did no good at all.

I suppose he always wanted the space closed, really. We would go along, keeping our distances on either side of it, and then he would abruptly cross it in ways a little like the cheering and singing—always a trifle wrong. Tiny things. Far back. Out of the blue, he would give me a gift I didn't want—something expensive. Once, when I was perishing for a crystal radio set, he gave me a Winchester .22. I hadn't the remotest interest in rifles, but he was a very good shot. I remember when he decided to buy my Boy Scout uniform. The local dry-goods store handled the standard article, the kind my friends all wore. Father brought an outfit from Indianapolis that made me look like Sir Robert Baden-Powell reduced in scale. I never wore it. He always did these things in a rush, with a kind of eagerness, and afterward drew back across the same old space. But maybe I didn't do much to keep him on my side of it. Or to cross to his. Just maybe, I didn't do anything.

Now down the swooping parabolic staircase. Unless they have changed the carpet in the past year, it is rusty gold. Still, I am not in total darkness. A luminous drift seeps in from the moon, or the city, or the Michelangelo docked next door. The place is full of tiny sounds, caused by I don't know what—some of the crew in their quarters, the joints of the ship greeting the midnight tide. It is strange to have lived—I would call it a life, even if only a brief one—in these surroundings, and to come back to them like this. The main lounge. We would meet here for coffee and cognac after dinner, bringing the story of the hour we had spent apart: a man at Lavinia's table had said that Shakespeare "lived and died without tasting tea or coffee. It's something to think about." And a woman at mine was annoyed with the Mediterranean. She had expected to see both shores while the ship proceeded down the middle. Her agent had not prepared her for mere horizons. A rangy Swedish lady brought her own hors d'oeuvres to the bar in here each day at cocktail time—biscuits, cheese, and artichoke hearts. We talked with her often, and with the nun who was on the go day and night, festooned with cameras and lenses when she wasn't playing ping-pong, and with the blond actress who earnestly repeated the story of how her car keys were once stolen by a Gibraltar ape. I had a feeling of life that I had thought was behind me forever. I trotted out all the worldly lore I possessed and all the reputable things I had ever done and offered them for Lavinia's astonishment. And I think she received *them with pleasure. And then*—I left the ship at Naples. Oh, that was where I was bound, all right, but I believe I came close to going on to Genoa with her. It could have been arranged. We could have had one more day. What came over me that I didn't go to *Genoa? I don't remember. I must try.*



SO I *am* looking for Lavinia as well as for Father. For him, or his presence, on this ship tonight, and for her in a past just out of reach. They connect. I feel that they connect, and I suspect that before cockcrow does come I will find out where and how.

It is strange that, up there in the Lido Bar, I should have forgotten the one visit he ever paid me. It was the year after I was last home—'64? He

A DREAM OF INNOCENT ORGIES

OR, THE MOST UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTERS I NEVER MET

I'm glad I wasn't ever a Clyde or a Bonnie,
But I'm sorry I was never a stage-door Johnny.
I'd love to have driven down the Gay White Way
In a hansom cab with a big bouquet
To share a bottle and a Chicken Kiev
With a Mitzi Hajos or a Fritzi Scheff
Or a Trixie Friganza—
To squire such dames as,
Glittering names as,
Mitzi Hajos,
Fritzi Scheff,
Or Trixie Friganza.

Had I been born just a little bit earlier,
When ladies of the chorus were voluptuously girlier,
I'm sure I could have fostered in a manner deft
A brotherly acquaintance with the second from the left.
But I'd rather have waited for a real bonanza
Like a Fritzi Scheff or a Trixie Friganza
Or a Mitzi Hajos—
To spend my patrimony
Skirting matrimony
With a Fritzi Scheff,
A Mitzi Hajos,
Or a Trixie Friganza.

I'd have overtipped the doormen underneath the canopies
Of elegant cafés from Rector's to Bustanoby's.
They'd warn me when a menace appeared upon the premises—
Say, a gentleman name of Harry Thaw or lady name of Nemesis.
When I heard the chimes at midnight with a Mitzi Hajos,
My conduct would have been I hope outrajos . . .
All my salad days,
Mardi Gras gala days,
With a Mitzi Hajos,
A Fritzi Scheff,
Or a Trixie Friganza.

Had I only been twenty instead of ten,
I'd have been a legend in Manhattan then,
But temptation was thwarted by the simple truth:
I was just too young to misspend my youth
With a Fritzi Scheff,
A Mitzi Hajos,
A Trixie Friganza,
Or even a Florodora girl.

—OGDEN NASH

• •

"How do you like it so far?"

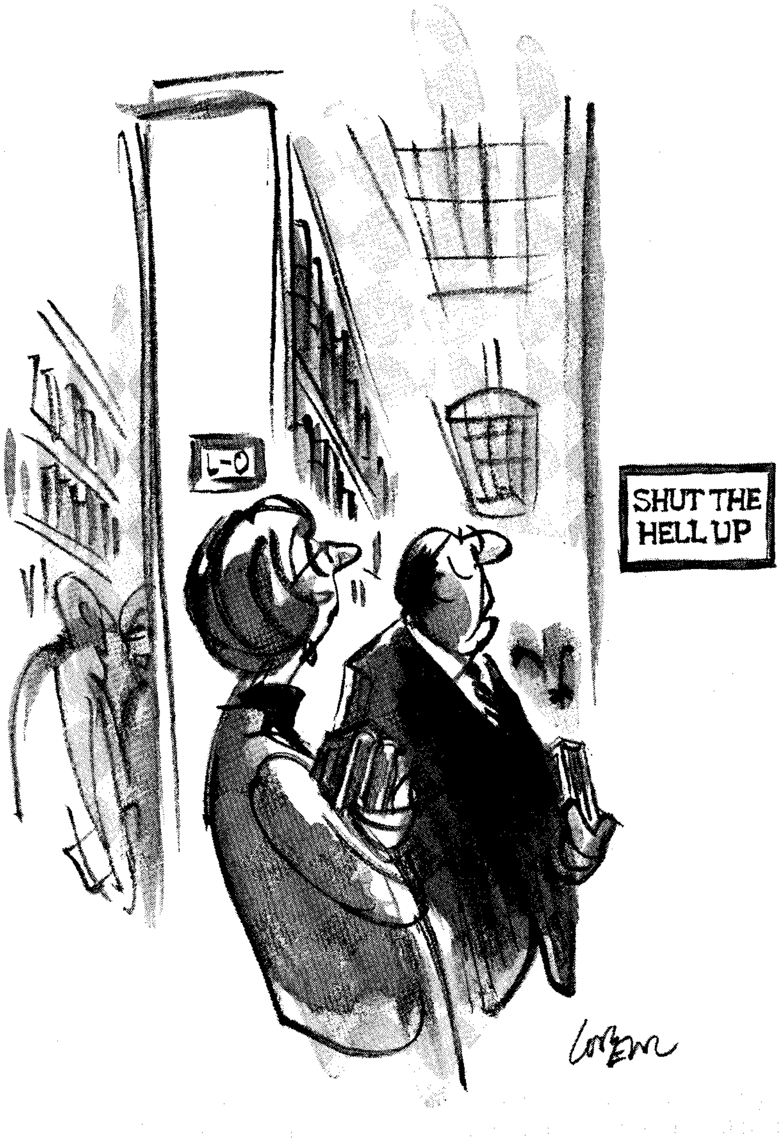
• •

made it seem almost an accident. He had gone to a conference at the Department of Agriculture, and he ran on up to New York. He caught me on very short notice, or I should have arranged more things for him to do. Or perhaps, if he had stayed longer . . . But he said he didn't want to wear his welcome out. He said it as a joke, but he did say it. "I just thought we ought to be together whenever we could," he said. It was his view that, by definition, members of a family love, and want to be with, one another. This was a fact to him, and not open to question.

It was a rather sticky few days. He said that I must have interesting friends, and, plainly, he wanted to meet a few. No doubt he thought I lived perpetually *en salon*. My life being made up of some hairy people and a burnished few, of assorted parties and gallery openings, and jealousy and politely cut throats, culture, as Father dreamed it, has little to do with my average day. He always thought that his being a chemist might leave him on the cultural shelf, so he read all the great books on all the proffered lists of them, and browsed in dictionaries besides. He liked to hold conversations and share views. Evaluations. That's how he referred to talking. Oh, no. My friends and Father weren't made for each other. Friends? I call a couple of hundred people by their first names, but I am not sure which one I would turn to in desperation. The ship and the night provoke odd thoughts. (I could once have turned to Lavinia, but now it's too late to reclaim her. She and I held many conversations. We talked once about Einstein and some of her other heroes. They weren't all physicists, but he was special because he was, and was a mystic. She could quote him. "He who can no longer pause to wonder and stand rapt in awe is as good as dead; his eyes are closed. . . ." Something like that. She felt that her work took her at least to the edges of the heart of things. And we talked about Carthage and Troy, and the composition of the sea—the Mediterranean is a rich broth, I told her, and she seemed to like the notion. We talked about interstellar space, and the prevalence of fear, and about love. Love in general. Love as a concept.) But—*Father*. We conversed, avoiding the friends, and I said what I knew he wanted to hear, and he left—quite cheered, I think—before his welcome was, as far as he knew, worn out. "I can guess how little time a man in your position must have," he said when he thanked me. I have plenty of time.

Did we *ever* meet, I wonder? I hate to think we didn't now and then, over the years. (He is not in the central lounge, he is not in the dining salon. Try the Promenade Deck. He is nowhere in sight. But here, right in the curve of the rail, under this sheltering lifeboat, Lavinia and I stood a long time on the last night before Naples—the night that should have ended in my cabin. Should it? I think I will wait here awhile myself now.) But there is a motion in the air, and a stab of lightning far over Jersey, and maybe because of it I remember a tent by a beach in the Indiana dunes, and my father sitting next to me on a tarpaulin outside it. He had some kind of experiment to make there, and he had decided to take me along. It was one of those impulses of his. We loaded supplies and his Army-surplus tent into the back of his antique runabout, and we set off a little before sunset. When we had gone about ten miles, a thunderstorm caught us. The headlights couldn't break through the rain. Branches began to fall. We were on a country road, narrow and slippery, and Father tried to pull onto what shoulder there was, and the car slid sidewise into a ditch half full of water. I was thirteen and scared. I would guess he was frightened, too, though I also guess it would have been for me and not for himself, but he didn't show it. He said we had to try to get back onto the road, and while I stood on the far bank of the ditch and shoulder-propped the runabout as well as I could to keep it from toppling, he got inside and gunned it. The wheels spun. The lightning wasn't overhead; it was all around us, and whenever it flared the white landscape I glimpsed across the car top was drained and desolate. I was sure that one or both of us would be killed—by lightning or the final fall of the car, or something. But then the tires did catch and the car swung straight, and after a little while the storm rolled past.

What I want to remember is what happened then. It wasn't much. It was really nothing at all. We got to the dunes and pitched the tent. Stars showed among the clouds, and a last faint lavender reflection of sunset hung over Lake Michigan, and the crazy water subsided in long white rollers spreading up the beach. We laid out the tarpaulin. The sand was drying fast. We could hear the storm far away and going farther. We sat, leaning back against the side of the big pyramidal tent, and drank hot tea and ate apples, and I don't remember either of us speaking. For once, it was all right; we didn't need to. We had been through a thing together, and that was that. There was no call to explore it. We had depended on each other, and I guess you could say we did meet then, for a little while, though by morning the distance was back.

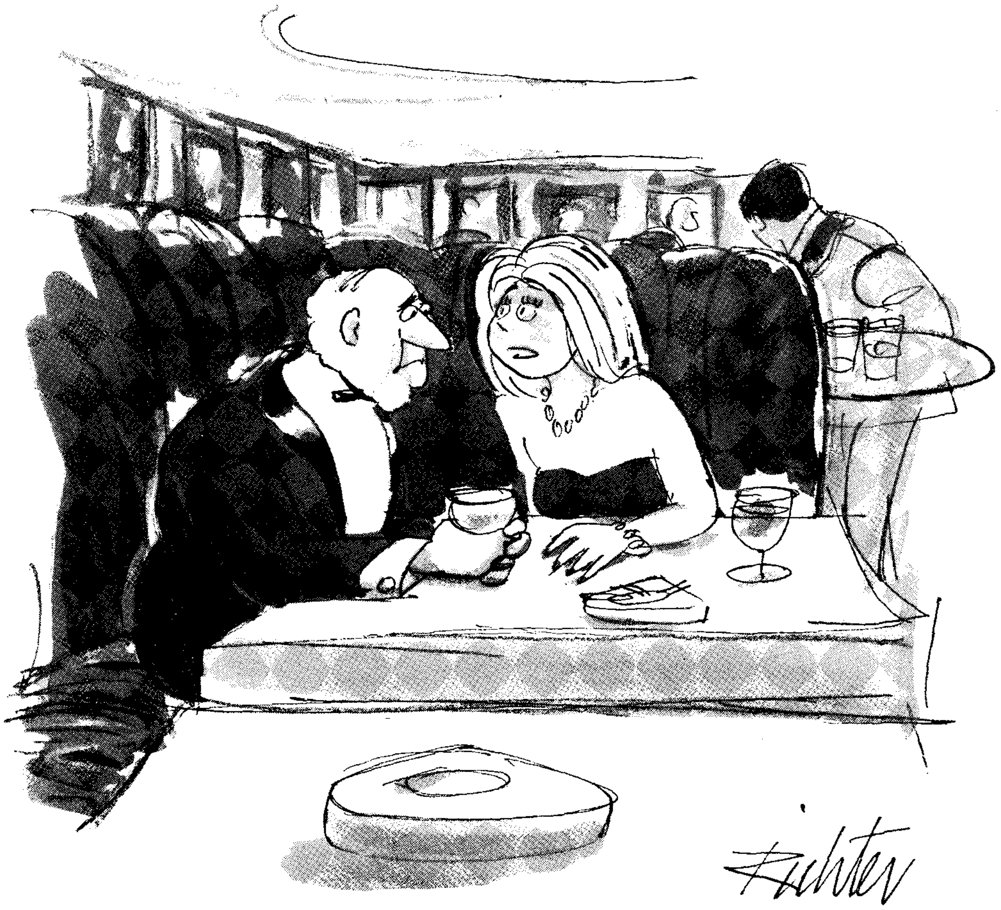


"Seems everyone's edgy these days."

LAVINIA, Lavinia. How she does persist. I know now what went wrong after *our* best meeting. We were standing here. The last day was coming, and Naples. The moon was almost full, as it is tonight. Its path across the water was scarcely rippled, except where the ship's wake cut it. We had been together so much and with such open pleasure. I had hardly even thought of an affair; it *had* been a young romance, in a way, in spite of all the powerful talking, but now to leave it there seemed absurd. We were grown. We were close. I said that it was absurd, and she quite agreed. "But if we go to your cabin now," she said, "I wonder if that won't be that. Good, but all there will ever be." I said not possibly, and she shook her head. Later, she said, "I wish we could have even a little time ashore. Even a day or two. The effect of a ship is so strong. I wouldn't want to feel we'd merely succumbed to that. I think I would feel more—confident—ashore." We went on talking softly for a while, and finally we kissed and separated, and I walked this deck in the moonlight for an hour, uplifted, delighted with myself, and of course with her, knowing that I had only to go on to Genoa to be with her there, in all the good meanings of the term, and surely later. That was the trouble, of course. What would happen later.

I hadn't said anything about Genoa, and now I wonder if even while we were talking and the lovely idea was growing I didn't really avoid it. Ashore. A little confident day or two ashore. I think I told myself I needed time to review my plans—to see if it would be feasible. It was feasible all along. And afterward, lying awake, still full of exultation, it occurred to me that what I was feeling was just the vanity of a man with a prize he should never have reached for. Perhaps (I thought) she is really only that to me—a trophy. And she is young, so young. Romance on a ship, a little affair, an incident, is one thing. Life is complex. Sanity is sound ground. I told myself I couldn't be good for her, and scouted up many reasons.

She slept late in the morning, for which I was grateful. I saw little of her in the flurry of preparing to debark. We said goodbye on the Lido Deck—a haven now unfamiliar—and it was almost a strained farewell. I felt I was deserting, but doing it for the best. We spoke earnestly of a meeting in the fall. I checked into my hotel, which faced the bay, and at twilight the ship came past, heading back out, and I went to the seawall and waved in the falling darkness. She couldn't have seen me, but I stood waving on and on, wishing she could, already grieving for her. She is a wonderful girl. She has so much



"Oh come, Mr. Metcalf! With the many great advances being made today in the science of geriatrics, seventy-two isn't all that old!"

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to give. I think I might have been happy with her after all.

The ship went out past Capri and past Ischia, and after I couldn't see its lights any longer I thought how it would be coming back, and back without us, and then how in a couple of months it would be bringing Father, and then how it might—how it should—have been bringing me. Father's trip. That's what I've been trying to remember about it. Once, far back, I had promised to go along with him. Later, I changed my plans. I begin to dislike myself. Of course, if I had waited for Father I wouldn't have known Lavinia, but then I wouldn't have run away from her. Did I miss his sailing because of her—because I thought her presence on this ship would still be strong, because I didn't want to walk in the places I have been walking in tonight? Or did I just not want to face my father?

I suppose when I said I would go to Rome with him it was to make some kind of amends—make up for never having taken what he always wanted to give, or just to be together awhile, as he believed a family should be. It was an easy promise to make a year in advance. I felt generous. But I meant it. Then the year began to shorten, and I—began to edge away. I wasn't in full retreat yet, only getting ready. How very like me! I wonder if Lavinia ever guessed that I would run. I thought of what he would say in the Sistine Chapel—lines from a guidebook. I found his reflections on the historic Tiber also predictable. I could hear his comments (polite, gentle but dubious) on the food—any food not prepared in the mode of Indiana. And so on. For six weeks.

If one is to go to the Biennale in Venice, one goes early. All the art world that goes at all goes then. It became urgent that I attend. Other pressing business demands occurred to me. I phoned him. He thought I wanted us both to go in June, instead of in September, as we had planned. He was sorry, but he couldn't go until he retired, at the end of August. He understood. Business before pleasure. He guessed he would just go on over by himself. *Of course* I had known he would have to wait for September. I felt a little less than generous, but relieved.

Will it be too late to make those amends now, if I find him? Probably, but I had better try. At least, I can try to be forgiven. I also might once have had a good deal to give. You give or you lose. I suppose I did lose Father. I think I see him at the far end of the deck, with the river in back of him. He is turning this way. Perhaps we can meet now because I have remembered him; I do not know the rules of this seagoing limbo. I will wait. He is walking toward me. He is passing a light, and I can glimpse his face—long and solemn as ever. Now he sees me. Now he smiles. "*Well, Son,*" he says. "This is *wonderful.*"

I ask if he will tell me why he called me, and he looks astonished.

"Why, *I* didn't send for you," he says. "I wouldn't even have known whether I could. You came on your own account."

He says I must have had an idea he was near. The thought seems to please him greatly. Maybe I did. Maybe I had to come. He says he certainly hopes I can get out here some more, whenever he's in, and I don't know just what to say. I ask him how Rome was. He says it was great.

I want so much to cross that space at last. I begin and stumble. All I manage is—actually—a regret that I missed his sailing. He says a man in my position is bound to be pretty busy. Then, in a rush, I tell him that I wish I had somehow tried to bring us closer, and he only says it's a long way from New York to Indiana, and I couldn't exactly be running out there weekends.

The moon is down. A faint paleness is showing in the east. Traffic has begun to roar—Manhattan cockcrow. Cockcrow—a time of waking. I would like to think it will be. Or will tonight seem only shifting and smoky, drifting away like a dream? Cockcrow can also be a time of denial. Morning will tell. No, I can't make amends to him. However much I need it, I cannot ask to be forgiven for something he simply refuses to believe. He is still giving. He never did lose *me*. So I ask him what impressed him most in Rome, and he says St. Peter's church. "Why, it's the biggest church in the world," he says. "Holds fifty thousand people. Laid out in the form of a Greek cross. The dome . . ."

He seems immensely happy. I will ask him about the Tiber and the Colosseum and the food. Then I must go.

—ROBERT HENDERSON

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SIGNED HOWARD HUGHES typewritten letter for sale. Best offer.—*Adv. in the Saturday Review.*

Dollar thirty-five.

WHAT WE SEE BEFORE US

Arthur is a capable and interesting child. He is fairly quiet in manner, but his mind is busy. He often delights us with his fine memory and clarity of insight. After our day in the country last autumn, Arthur identified every leaf, shrub, berry, and bit of bark that we brought back with us. Arthur is not only agreeable himself but is often a peacemaker among those more prone to have social friction. There is but one thing in regard to Arthur that gives me special concern, and that is his careless posture. Perhaps the home can help us, in order that his body may be as erect as his mind is alert.

ARTHUR ROSE has arranged to meet Edward Darcy, a booze artist who was formerly married to Rose's wife and is the father of Rose's two stepchildren, at the information booth on the upper level of Grand Central, at 8:25 A.M., so they can take the eight-thirty-seven to White Plains, where Darcy is to appear in court. Rose arrives on time and finds out the track: no Darcy, as Rose had reason . . .

Rose imagines Darcy sleeping one off in a vestibule. Rose is aware that he usually thinks the worst of people, but does the fact that he often thinks the worst of himself, too, excuse him in any way, shape, or form? And, after all, Darcy *has*, in point of fact, lain in vestibules; even, once, five years ago, in Rose's vestibule, when Rose had just married Darcy's wife, and it hardly ever stopped raining; in the morning, Darcy's bare feet by the radiator. On their way out, everyone stepped carefully over him in turn—the children, too—pretending, Rose conjectures, that Darcy wasn't there or was somehow inviolable. Of course, for Darcy to have elected to spend the night in Rose's vestibule—wasn't he saying, in effect, that as far as he was concerned Rose wasn't there?

Killing time, Rose gazes at the representation of the heavens on the ceiling. No, he corrects himself, as the imprisoned king rightly observed, time is killing me.

More probably, Rose decides, Darcy's seated in a luncheonette, sugaring his second cup of coffee, wearing that pale overcoat several sizes too big for him someone gave him, and poorly shaven. A luncheonette in a subway arcade—*that* would be consonant with his style.

Edward is always a helpful member of the group and has splendid attitudes. However, at times he seems nervously tense. He is musical, but his attention varies, and he should have special help to get his voice up. Edward is mastering his carelessness in art, which used to occasion many lost results.

The day before, Rose's secretary had told him Darcy was in the reception room. Rose found him in a Barcelona chair, with two or three days' growth, the ghastly overcoat buttoned to his throat.

Rose went up to him and asked if there was a draft.

Arthur is a sensitive, gifted child, artistic and original. He is bright and sympathetic. This is evident in his intense love for animals, which he not only enjoys having about but also draws most skillfully on all occasions. His creative ability and originality are also expressed in the most delightful poems and stories. These are often about animals, too. He is a quiet child, but deep and sincere in his nature.

Darcy winked.

Rose said he didn't seem to be feeling any.

Darcy said he didn't seem to be wearing a tie and that he didn't wish to be the source of any possible embarrassment.

Edward is a child of subtle nature and varied abilities who needs sympathetic understanding in order to give out his best. Like many original, creative individuals, he is exceedingly sensitive and cannot flower in a forbidding atmosphere. In music he has poise, humor, and dramatic ability. His voice is low, but he is usually in tune.

Rose asked Darcy if he minded if Rose remained standing.

Darcy said that Rose saw before him . . . He asked Rose what *did* he see before him.

Rose said that, be that as it might, he was afraid he was going to have to be getting back to the old . . . and he reminded Darcy that first impressions count and to be sure to shave for the judge, if not for himself.

Darcy asked him kindly not to be so condescending.

Rose asked Darcy kindly to recall that it was Rose who bailed him out of the Westchester County Penitentiary in Valhalla, of all places, the bond being in the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars, after Darcy's No. 3, whom Rose had never had the pleasure, had charged Darcy with assault, and wasn't it time to turn over a new leaf.

Arthur is a highly intelligent child, honest and sincere. He is capable with his hands, and most artistic and original. He is a quiet and reserved boy, with great latent power. His contributions in class show depth of thought and common sense. Arthur has made several delightful contributions in poetry, showing a lovely imaginative ability.

Darcy said as it so happened it had nothing to do with the sauce.

Rose said as it so happened he couldn't think of anything to say.

Darcy said for the millionth time it was *she* who concussed *him* with the large pot of ferns, which, Rose may have recalled, figured in the case.

Rose said he really wasn't interested in who was in the right.

Darcy said that, howmsoever, it would be *him* whom they would be sending to Grasslands, of all places, for observation, and that Rose's attitude was once more indicative of his insensitivity to his fellow-man.

Rose said that once more Darcy had misconstrued him, and that what he meant was that in the eyes of the law it no longer made any difference who threw what at whom how many times.

Darcy asked Rose for five for a room.

Edward shows progress, though I feel he is capable of better work. We must encourage greater pride in achievement and workmanship. He has strong likes and dislikes, and once he has made up his mind it is difficult to get him to admit the right of the other side. He seems happily adjusted, though he is not a good mixer. Edward can carry a tune when he sings alone, but when he sings with his classmates he has difficulty in singing accurately.

Rose said he was fiving him to death and that he'd think more highly of Darcy if he didn't wave his arms about so.

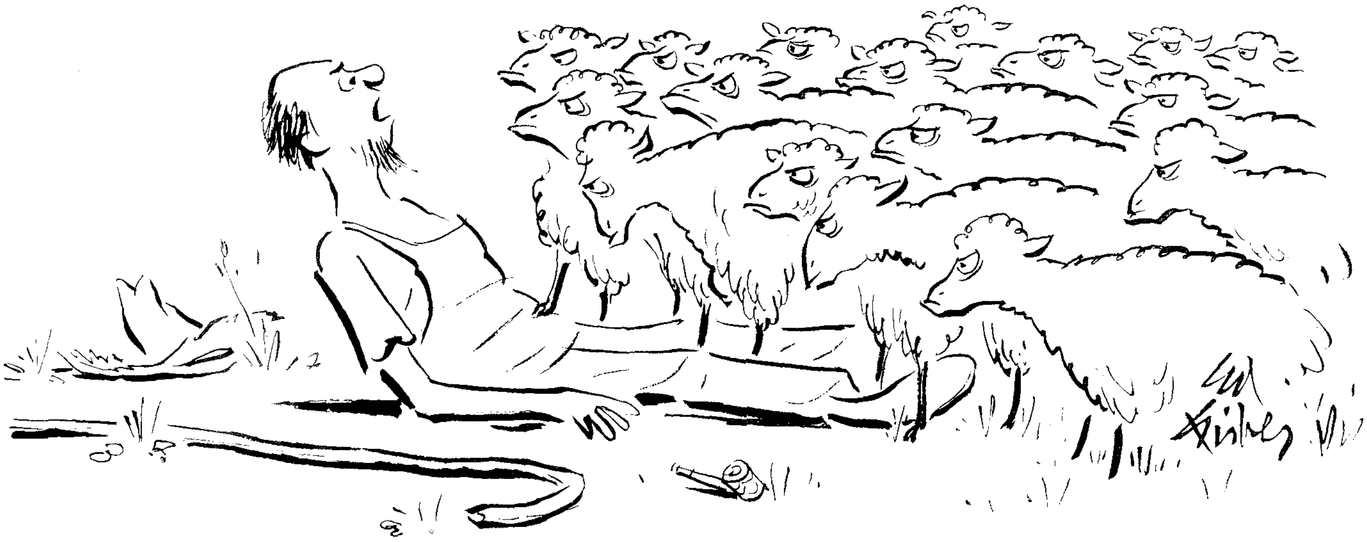
Darcy asked Rose why he felt obliged to shout at those less privileged than him.

Rose said than he.

Darcy said Rose was way out of touch with himself.

Rose went ho, ho.

Arthur is a thoughtful, serious child, but at times he seems almost wistful. He should be encouraged, as he is one of those to whom a word of encouragement and recognition of good work means a good deal. He has been growing rapid-



“All right, all right! I promise you you’ll have a bigger say in the running of the flock!”

• •

ly and needs to watch his posture. Arthur seldom smiles.

Darcy said very well, ho, ho—adding that three would do.

Rose reminded Darcy that he’d be rotting in the Valhalla can if Rose hadn’t . . .

Darcy told Rose that he no longer had the right to choose when he might abandon him, and that he was rotting, yes, yes, rotting, here, here.

Rose inquired of Darcy who the hell he thought Rose was.

Darcy said his fellow-man.

Rose asked him how he reached that striking conclusion.

Darcy said because he felt Rose cared.

Rose asked about whom.

Darcy said about Darcy.

Rose said no, that he rather gathered he did it, meaning springing Darcy, for himself.

Darcy said, well, good for him.

Rose said that what it was was that Darcy’s plight per se didn’t matter anymore; what did was, repeatedly, the act of resurrection: bending down, bending down, bending down.

Darcy said he was full of it and was still trying to ingratiate himself with the Gentiles.

Rose said that, be that as it might, he was afraid he was going to have to be getting back to the old . . . and that there seemed to be little further to be gained, and that he would be seeing him, on his two feet, in the A.M.

Darcy said it wasn’t fair to keep letting him down so he could pick him up.

Rose said that wasn’t his impression.

Darcy shrugged.

Rose made to leave.

Darcy, rising, said it was somewhat awkward, but he could use two until the A.M., and, not so fast, he would repay him out of his next relief check and they’d be all squared away.

Rose reminded Darcy that he owed him, hmm, in child support, at, hmm, thirty-five a week—that’s, hmm . . .

Darcy said, hmm, one thousand eight hundred and twenty dollars per annum.

Rose said, hmm, hmm, for four *anni*, and one, two, three, October—no, from the twentieth—November, December, three, four, and two weeks in March, hmm, hmm . . .

Darcy told Rose you had to break it down into weeks, which, hmm, hmm, made it seven thousand nine hundred and eighty.

Rose reminded Darcy that he owed him in the neighborhood of eight thousand dollars in child support, and if one cared to project his future from his past they’d never be all squared away in this world.

Darcy said Rose was a scrounge and a lousy hard determinist, and that, furthermore, *liberum arbitrium indifferentiae*, and that his understanding when he signed the separation agreement was that it was just a formality, given the bag he was in, and that Rose was lacking in maturity to throw the support thing at him now, and that if he felt like doing the bending bit, bend somewhere else.

Edward evidently prefers to remain in the background and appears to find greater satisfaction in listening than in taking part. He will pay attention to criticisms or suggestions, but rarely makes use of them. At times he is too readily satisfied with mediocre results, although of late he is beginning to check his work before letting it falsely represent his ability.

At eight-forty, Rose is turning a shoe this way and that, inducing reflections; Darcy is trying to get the counterman’s attention. Rose lightly closes his eyes and is appalled by hundreds of footfalls. What’s said has always been drowned out by that, he thinks.

Arthur remains rather quiet but gets on exceedingly well with his contemporaries. His work habits are much improved, although he is likely to go off on a tangent or pursue odd or fantastic aspects of the job at hand. It is not clear whether this is due to intellectual curiosity or to escapism. Arthur has a great facility in art. This is a special gift and should be nurtured.

At nine-twenty, after the departure of the last train that would have got them to White Plains in time for Darcy’s appearance in court, Rose recalls Darcy blissfully asleep that time in the vestibule, his shoes set to one side, lined up and stuffed with newspaper, his socks on the radiator cover where he had put them to dry, and the four of them, in Indian file, stepping over Darcy, and Rose realizes that, in a way, his foot is still suspended in the air and that he doesn’t know quite where to put it down; Darcy shifts on his stool.

Those who require the greatest amount of work from Edward are unanimous in their comments on his carelessness in regard to form and neatness. Edward resents criticism on this score and refuses to see that such things are important. His occasional excellent work appears to give him an unwarranted overconfidence that he can repeat the performance at all times with little effort on his part.

—GILBERT ROGIN

REFLECTIONS

EUROPEAN DIARY

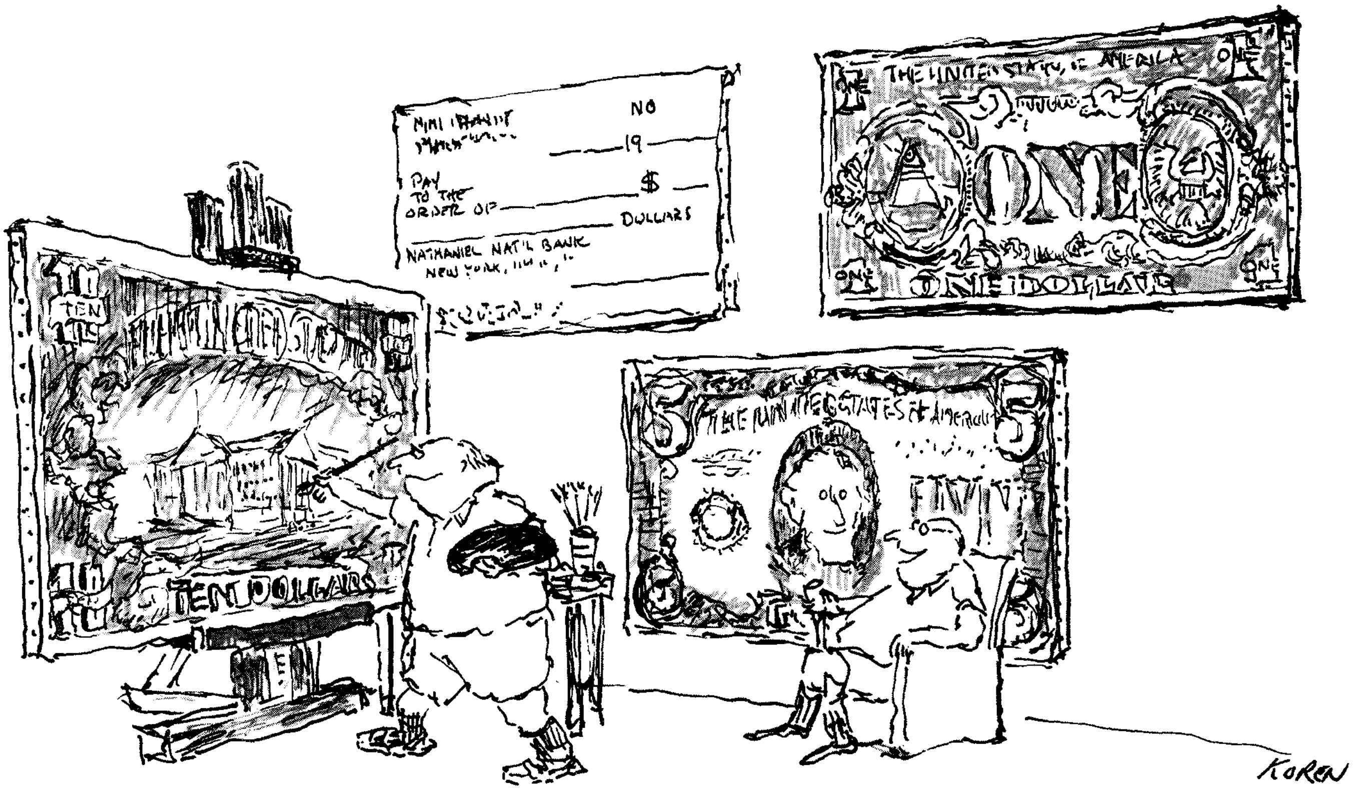
Naples: "You may; therefore you must." This gratuitous non sequitur is the mischievous fallacy of our time; it accounts for the fact that every technological permission has been turned into an irresistible collective compulsion—usually, no doubt, because the new technical facilities can be exploited at a profit. So, comically, though this age has ceased to believe in human progress, it clings with almost hysterical tenacity to the Victorian faith in technological progress as the only means left for human redemption and salvation. When anyone reasons against the multiplication of nerve-shattering supersonic planes or the wider spread of mind-smudging psychedelics, he finds himself branded by these old-fashioned minds as a traitor to civilization.

During an otherwise pleasantly somnolent voyage to Italy on the *Michelangelo*, these thoughts came back to me through the insistent presence of the loudspeaker, whose dreary melodies followed one all over the vessel, even to the solitude of the top sundeck. It's all very well to say that the Italians like noise, but why pick on the Italians? It would be more correct to say that noise likes us, for no radio, no television set, no loudspeaker can be quite sure of its technological success until it has dominated our human consciousness or at least has cunningly infiltrated into our unconscious. Theoretically, the loudspeaker can be reduced in volume or turned off. But the very name we have given this instrument makes people feel that its essential nature is being flouted unless it inundates the air with sound, and as for turning it off, that would mean making a human decision for a purely human end—which is in itself a heretical departure from the mass religion of our age. The electronic priesthood will not stand for that kind of impiety; with one voice they proclaim, on behalf of their mechanical and electronic gods, "You may not reject us, you must not turn us off, and, above all, you may not try to escape from us." Perhaps that is why the young are so desperately scrambling for the nearest exit, though, ironically, the main route they have chosen only leads back to the same prison. Result: a world yawningly empty of human meaning and purpose, a Happening whose studious disorder reinforces our sterile mechanical and electronic routines by serving as a seemingly animated counterpoise.

The glories of the Bay of Naples were a standard theme for the nineteenth-century traveller, but were they not a little overrated even at that period? Give me the entrance to the Cherbourg mole, after passing the Channel Islands, especially in the pre-1940 days, before Cherbourg had become industrialized, or—even more exciting—the harbor of Plymouth, both during and between its perpetual showers. As for the approach to Venice by sea, what could be more heavenly—yes, *heavenly*—on a sunlit day when the buildings dance with color? The "blue Mediterranean" must exist, but it's just my bad luck never to have seen it when the water could compare with the greens and blues of the Pacific around Honolulu. Not that I feel sour about Naples. Great men have lived and flourished there, or thereabouts, from Thomas Aquinas to Giambattista Vico and Benedetto Croce, and who could be sour when, before he had reached land, he received a radiogram informing him, to his utter surprise, that "the friends of B." would be on hand at the pier to receive him and his wife? B. has a gift for assembling fine friends, and we recognized each other—no doubt because we were all professors—with singular ease. But after our first embraces, the deadly handicap of being tongue-tied in an unfamiliar language nipped the blossom of friendship before it could open, for grown men can't keep on embracing and smiling amiably all day, like so many infants or idiots. For long I have felt that, as travel increases, we should be well advised to postpone seeking a common spoken language, colored as it will inevitably be by the native tone, rhythm, and pronunciation of the speaker. Rather, we should concentrate on devising a truly universal language of gesture, unmarred by indigenous vocal peculiarities and deliberately limited to essentials. Even a hundred such signs, ranging from "Where is the toilet?" to "I love you," would do more to promote cultural understanding, to say nothing of ease in travel, than a battery of Berlitz schools. Now, Naples is famous as the *Urheimat* of this gesture language among Western peoples. According to tradition, much though Neapolitans love to talk and shout and sing, they can dispense with words as long as the "speakers" are visible enough to follow each other's mobile faces and hands. So I came to Naples with a mental note to observe my proposal in this favorable milieu. But what a disappointment! I heard plenty of talk on the Via Roma, but I sought in vain for gestures, with or without words. Apparently the radio, which has levelled so much of our oral communication, has helped likewise to destroy gesture. The only place where this language survives is among motorists,

The New York Times
WEBER

"This Russell Baker makes me laugh!"


NO
19
PAY TO THE ORDER OF
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DOLLARS
NATHANIEL NAT'L BANK NEW YORK
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ONE
ONE DOLLAR
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
FIVE
KOREN

"I admire people like you, who can unwind with a hobby."

• •

for even the steamroller crawl of Naples traffic would be impossible without the give-and-take of gesture between driver and driver, to say nothing of driver and pedestrian; without it, the man on foot would be mangled at every turn.

Alfred North Whitehead once observed that the use of foreign travel is to show familiar things in unusual settings, and perhaps the most useful object lesson in Naples is that the motorcar—which our countrymen once thought of as an essentially American achievement, almost exclusively the work of Henry Ford—has everywhere reached a point of congestion and futility equal to our own. This must terminate finally either in an explosion of insensate aggression or, even more effectively, in an explosion of laughter over our common folly in sacrificing all the benefits of urban life for mobility and speed. Or, rather, for the purely abstract *idea* of automobility and speed. For the more mobile we become, the more fixed and unvaried becomes the environment; and the greater the number of cars on streets, roads, and speedways, the less time we have for anything except travel. What stationary mobility! Strangely, the thing that really protects the pedestrian in Naples is the fact that Neapolitans, though they, too, may adore speed, are not at heart aggressive drivers, as are the British; even on temptingly straight stretches, like the Via Partenope, along the waterfront, they are reasonably watchful of the pedestrian and, given a chance, are ready to yield—that ultimate courtesy of the road. In contrast, British drivers are ruthless. If every Englishman's house is his castle, on the King's Highways he acts as if he were a king. When I got to London, the automobile clubs were making an impassioned protest against a Ministerial decision to experimentally reduce the speed on highways to a mere seventy miles an hour. Not infrequently I have been driven at eighty miles an hour along twisting and turning two-lane English country roads, with not even a shoulder between the road and the thick hedges and trees. My British friends—why did I almost write "fiends"?—were quite incredulous when I told them that the highest speed permitted on ordinary roads in my own state is fifty miles an hour, and that neighboring Connecticut favors forty to forty-five, and has lowered the accident rate by imposing it.

IN lingering a few days in Naples I had two conscious objectives—one was to take another look at the Pompeian collection in the National Museum, and the other was to visit Herculaneum. After playing second fiddle to Pompeii for more than a century, Herculaneum—sealed in a mass of baked clay, not just covered with ashes, like Pompeii—has only in recent years been given a modicum of the attention and the energy necessary to excavate its all too well-preserved treasures: doubly guarded, in fact, because the present-day urban slum of Resina squats on part of the site, and its inhabitants must be removed in order to reveal all of the ancient town below. As is usual on expeditions of the sort, my wife and I were the victims of the kindliness and zeal of our friends. I prefer to make the first visit to such a site unaccompanied—to take in as much as possible with my untutored eyes alone, without extraneous explanation. But nowhere have I yet succeeded in doing so when even a hint of my intentions has reached my friends. Now, by a series of polite misunderstandings and frantic telephone calls, my wife and I again found ourselves seeing an ancient ruin in the worst possible way—with the aid of an official tourist guide. The only thing we managed to do alone was to go there in a taxi, and even that was a disappointment, for Herculaneum, unlike Pompeii, does not lie in the open country, among vines and olive trees, but is close to the sea, and by now the spreading slums of Naples have filled the entire four miles between the ruined town and the teeming city.

The excavations are impressive, but I lost count of the number of times the guide triumphantly exhibited still another platter of lava-baked beans or loaf of petrified bread. At all events, the demonstration happened often enough to blur my impression of the villas and the workshops, and the tunnels that have been opened farther under the cliff. I did not get a satisfactory impression of what it was all about until I reached Rome and was given Jay Deiss's recent book on Herculaneum. Despite inadequate funds, the new archeologist in charge, Dr. Giuseppina Irelli, has been pushing into fresh territory and has revived interest in this site. Only a small fraction of the city has so far been exposed. Obviously, this is one of a hundred sites that might make good use of the billions of dollars our government spends annually in giving social-security and welfare handouts to the moon-rocket and arms industries in order to make the policies of the White House more incredibly incredible. These funds could be more profitably spent in deepening our knowledge of the past and lengthening the historical perspective of our rocket-happy barbarians, in the hope of preventing them from letting their well-publicized plans for nuclear eruptions turn the whole world into another Herculaneum.

Italy is of course filled with Etruscan and Roman and Greek ruins and monuments, and more keep coming to light, thanks partly to aerial photography. Greek buildings, notably those at Paestum, are often better preserved in Italy and in Provence than in their homeland, just as the classic Greek nose and chin (neither, incidentally, very appealing to our modern taste; indeed, distinctly adenoidal) can be seen in southern Italy, whose Greek colonies remained, in isolation, till the tenth century A.D. Where, in fact, can one get a better impression of a Greek theatre than on the hillside at Fiesole? But what has most strikingly come through, over the centuries, from Roman civilization is its old sense of scale—the spaciousness that is necessary for handling large crowds of people, which McKim deliberately imitated in the old Pennsylvania Station in New York, and the serenity that follows this scale when it is brought into aristocratic domestic quarters.

ROME: In May of 1967 we were guests in the Villa Aurelia, once Garibaldi's headquarters, now a part of the American Academy in Rome. This building, though not an old one, is as spacious as Ditchley House, beyond Oxford, where Churchill took refuge during the war, when Chequers was too obvious a target for the Germans.

SUBDIVIDER

I smell the dust of stones in sunlight,
and the dust under them,
and the dust under my eyes
and running in my palms,
and crickets buried deep under tar,
the dust of their tiny hoofs,
and the ashes of orchards.

This desert is new.
Some bones are still pink;
little eyes drift in the wind
of our many engines.
At times I see an embroidery of nerves
scrawled in the rocks,
or garlands of fur drying
on a lattice of ribs.
So many have died recently;
so many are still dying.

The bulldozers work ten hours a day
though the hearts of birds are very small.
My hand against my face, even at dawn,
smells like a grave.

—ADRIEN STOUTENBURG

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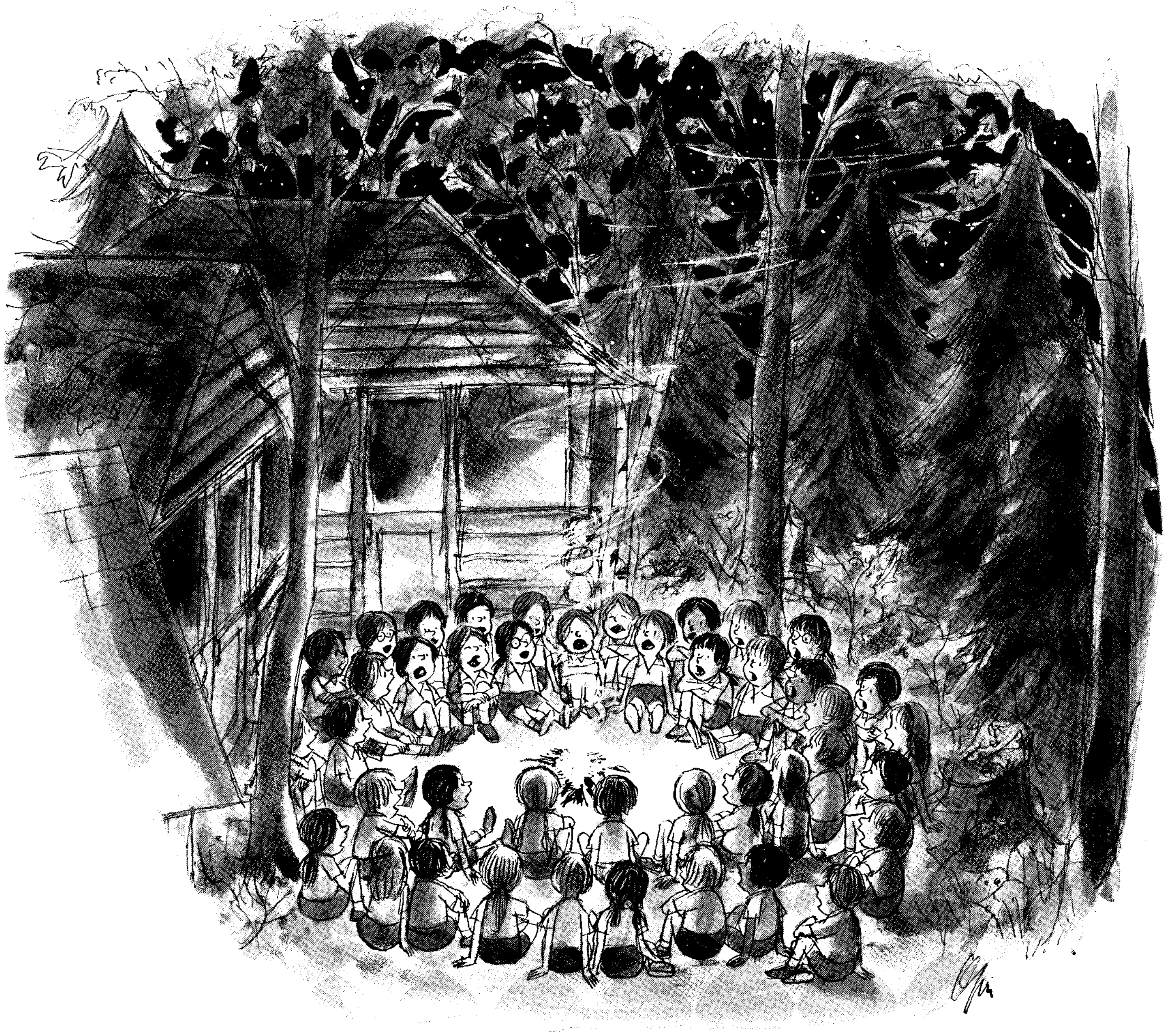
I have never felt happier than in our perfectly proportioned bedroom at the Villa Aurelia, with its high ceilings, its serene spacing of walls and windows, its handsome traditional oak doors—dating in design, but not in manufacture, from the sixteenth century—to say nothing of the breakfast tray that the smiling, buxom maid, Giana, brought promptly each morning, gay with flowers and fruit, aromatic with fresh coffee. This, I said to myself, is exactly what Henry James pictured in "The Great Good Place." For once, I was actually living in that Good Place—all beautified, as James put it, by omissions. The best modern architecture would have nothing better to offer. Nor was I disturbed, as one too often now is in modern rooms, by the architect's officious effort to call attention to himself by regimenting the furniture in Miesian formation, by taking the backs off chairs, by inventing forms that only an acrobat can get out of gracefully, or, finally, by discarding furniture altogether so as not to lose the drawing-board purity of his vacuous design. There was no such aesthetic dictatorship about this room; it had its own life, so to say, and let its inhabitants have theirs without further fuss. When a building is finished, the architect should be buried, as it were, in the walls; one should not find him nudging one or grimacing at one when one is eating dinner or making love. The greater a work of architecture, the more anonymous should be its final effect—and so, inevitably, the less dated. Ideally, one should feel not the petty ego of the creator, or the cultural idiosyncrasies of a particular period or people, but a larger, more universal spirit, borne out of mankind's long experience, which simply speaks through the architect. Today, architecture is too often strictly a public-relations art, and the success it seeks is a success of advertising and salesmanship. Too many modern buildings are designed to be photographed, not lived in.

But it is not merely the old Roman scale that has remained; look at the color of the walls or the courtyards of the tenements in Naples, for are not these courtyards survivals of the ancient atrium, around which the rooms were grouped? Now they serve as domestic parking lots, and without the extra space they offer there would be narrow streets in Naples where no car could turn around, or even get out of the way of one coming from the opposite direc-



"To thee, first city of our land, with hearts and voices blending,
We raise a loyal song of praise, with strains of love unending.
We praise thy harbor and thy ships, thy bay renowned for beauty,
Thy parks with statues bravely decked to tell of faith and duty.
New York, New York, our city loved, to thee in praise we sing.
Let every loyal heart and voice its loving tribute bring."

• •

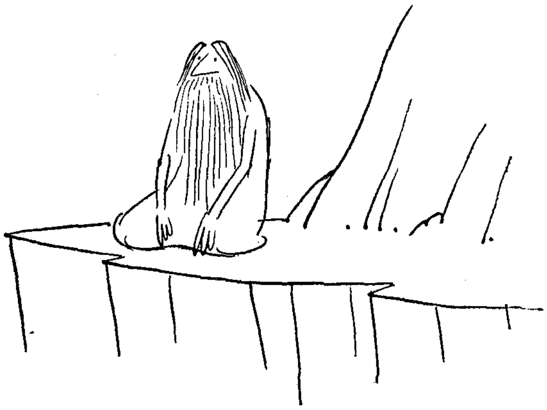
tion. Pompeian Red may not originally have been an outside wall color, but the local variations of this hue—a muted vermillion in Naples, a burnt orange in Rome, and many different shades of red, orange, and yellow in other cities, or in different spots in the same city—are what give Italian façades a character of their own.

Doubtless, bad parts of the ancient Roman tradition have survived. There is not a city of a million population today that is as copiously served by baths, theatres, markets, gymnasiums as was the little provincial town of Pompeii, which probably held at most thirty or forty thousand inhabitants. Proportionately, our modern metropolises are poverty-stricken when it comes to providing the essential organs of urban life. A theatregoer in Pompeii could reach home on foot after the performance—faster, often, than an American in a similar crowd could find his car and get out of the parking lot. And did this insignificant little town not boast such fine murals and mosaics that the great museums of the world have eagerly competed for these treasures, while great Rome, sucking into her maw the art of Greece, Asia, Africa, and Spain, had nothing better to show? Not that Pompeii was utopia; the point is that it was just a little provincial town, with the usual number of slaves, whorehouses, and lovesick youths scrawling messages on the walls in public places. But even the slaves must have eaten honest bread, for it was made of wheat ground in the bakery's own mill just before the loaves were baked. Pompeii still taunts us with its genuine wealth, proportionately far greater than opulent Rome's—the true birthplace of mass culture and its latter-day counterparts. Characteristically, the tradition of the Pompeian graffiti has remained over the centuries, too. In the Trastevere quarter in Rome I stumbled upon a contemporary message on an otherwise blank wall: "*Fa l'amore, no la supresa.*" I doubt if that plea owes anything to Freud; it sounds more like Ovid.

MY main purpose in coming to Rome was to receive an honorary doctorate from the Faculty of Architecture of the University of Rome, but an underlying motive was to meet old friends and compare notes with them about the state of the world. The University courteously allowed me to pick the date for my *laurea*, but I chose it badly for the second purpose, since the state of the world that May was too distracting for connected conversation. For one thing, the students of Italy, like the young everywhere, have been in a yeasty state, not merely demonstrating against their professors and rejecting traditional values and traditional studies but rejecting the leaders of the past generation who staged an earlier revolt. The ten-year-old mind, now so common in science and scholarship, is spreading everywhere, and it takes the form of asserting that no one has anything to learn except what has happened in his own brief lifetime, within his private field of vision, as amplified and distorted by mass media. In Italy, the revolt has even taken physical form: In the courtyard of the School of Architecture at Naples I had seen tables strewn about, thrown out by the students. Since my writings identify me as a hoary if recalcitrant member of the older generation, there may have been some uneasiness about my appearance at this ceremony, lest my presence or, even more, my speech of acceptance rouse a demonstration. But the only thing the students openly challenged was the Latin citation that accompanied the honor; they found it funny—as I did, I fear, when I discovered that my given name had been Latinized into Aloysius. The United States Information Service had provided everyone with a mimeographed translation of my address, and I delivered it in English to an attentive and respectful audience; the effect was rather better, it seemed to some of the listeners, than a simultaneous translation with earphones, and infinitely preferable to a sequence of translations, sentence by sentence or paragraph by paragraph. My stand against Washington's policy and strategy and ill-disguised intentions in Vietnam may have accounted for their sympathetic response, and even my deliberately Tennysonian ending may have appealed to the students: "Come, my friends, 'tis not too late to seek a newer world." At all events, no Coca-Cola bottles were thrown at me.

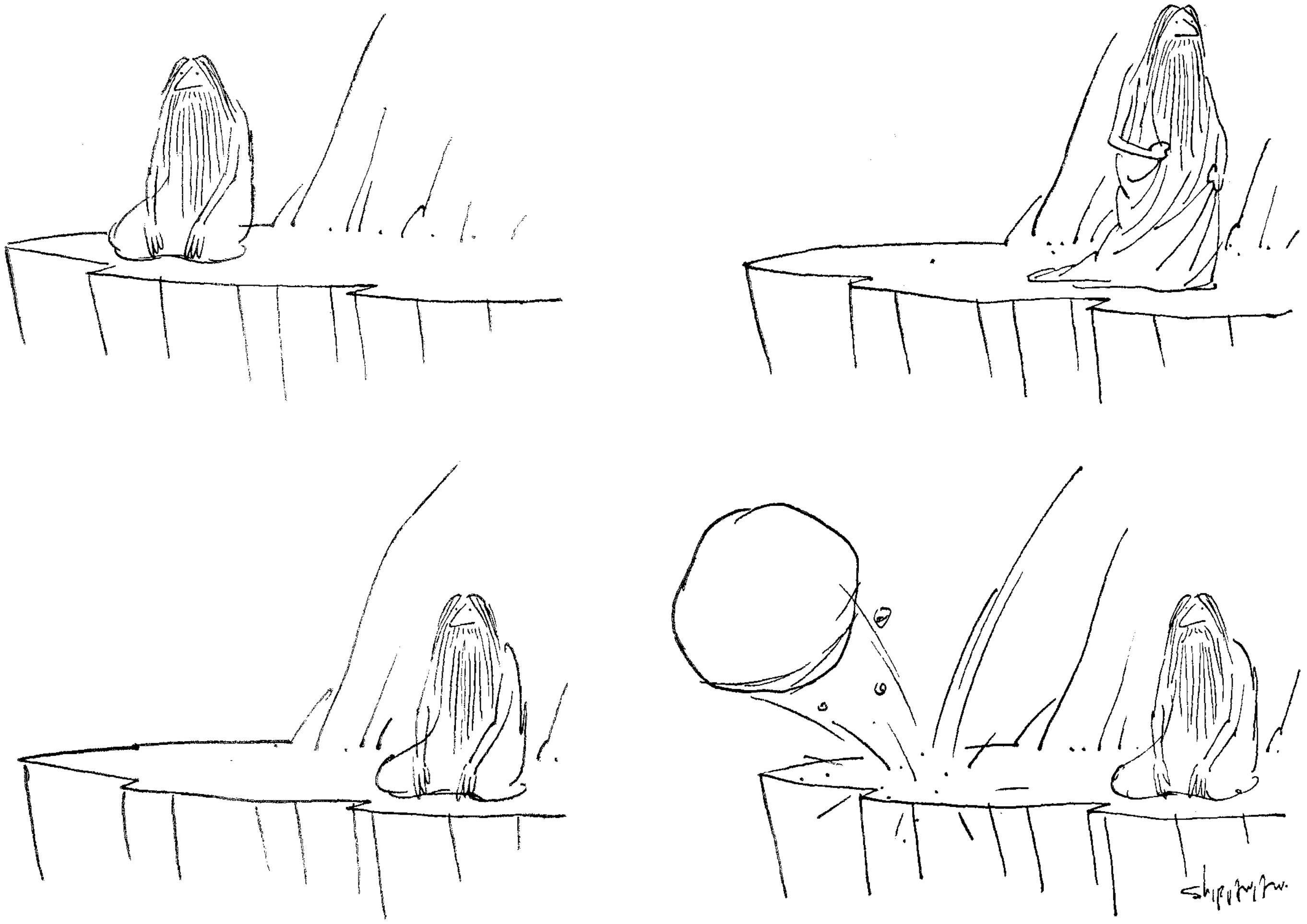
MEANWHILE, the Near East crisis had come to a head, with its premonitory anxieties and its even more horrible anticipation of a doom hanging not only over Israel but over the whole human race, thanks to the studiously cultivated belligerence that passes for high strategic policy within the political and military think tanks of the great states. What did an honorary degree matter on such a threatened planet? And how could the usual enjoyments of food and wine, of animated conversation, of views from the Janiculum over the Tiber and the spreading city have any meaning in a world where meaning itself was perhaps on the point of vanishing, along with all of man's other works? During the tense, ominous days before Israel's swift victory, when it seemed as if Israel would be quietly thrown to the Arabs by the "Great Powers," as Czechoslovakia had once been handed over to Hitler, no one could talk freely, because what we were all secretly thinking about was the unthinkable.

Ten years before, our friends the Zevis—he is the editor of *L'Architettura*—had given a huge party for us in the big garden of their house on the Via Nomentana, and we remembered it as a party that would forever overshadow all other such occasions in its intellectual vivacity and its fluttering gaiety, since people had come from all over Italy for it. Now, "*in occasione della laurea honoris causa*," as the invitations read, they sought to repeat that festive performance. But uniqueness is unrepeatable. The invitees came—those who were not prevented from coming by official duties—but the crisis was overhead, underfoot, and in the depths of our souls, like the weather, which had become cold, windy, and threatening, and we huddled under the trees near the house for warmth and mutual support, instead of spreading out over the garden. The grim moment flowed backward in our minds over the past and forward into the faceless future: the First World War, the Turkish massacres, the Second World War, the Soviet concentration camps, the Nazi extermination camps, "strategic" (extermination) bombing—Warsaw, Rotterdam, London, Coventry, Hamburg, Dresden, Tokyo, Hiroshima, then Korea, Vietnam, and more civilian extermination. And now the Near East.



No wonder the younger generation loathe this world and find no good whatever in it; they have known nothing else, and it is easy for them to believe that there never has been anything but fraud, hypocrisy, malevolence, and violence. And yet the crisis brought out many of the old decencies, the old moralities, the old heroisms that have enabled the human race to survive both natural and man-made catastrophes. The declared sympathies of the Italian people were overwhelmingly on the side of threatened Israel while it still seemed that Egypt was about to impose Hitler's "final solution" upon the Jews. And in Switzerland, my Swiss friends told me later, something had taken place that had been unimaginable before this moment: the high-school students, never given to demonstrations, had marched in public to show their solidarity with Israel. To be footloose in Europe at such a moment gave one a peculiar sense of guilt, as if one had chosen this occasion to desert the human race. The effect of these repeated crises is to make the normal enjoyments of life mockingly unreal, or, if not unreal, offensive to one's sensibilities.

DARE I leave Rome without saying a word about its motor traffic? A sentence will suffice: At eight in the evening it took forty-five minutes to go to dinner in a house a mile and a half away; at eleven-thirty it took twelve minutes to get back to the Villa Aurelia. The worst thing about traffic congestion everywhere is not just the insufferable tedium and the loss of time but the harassing uncertainty. One thing more: The famous "golden light of Rome," beloved of nineteenth-century artists, is fast vanishing. Thanks to the obsolete gasoline-driven motorcar, smog is settling down here, as irritat-



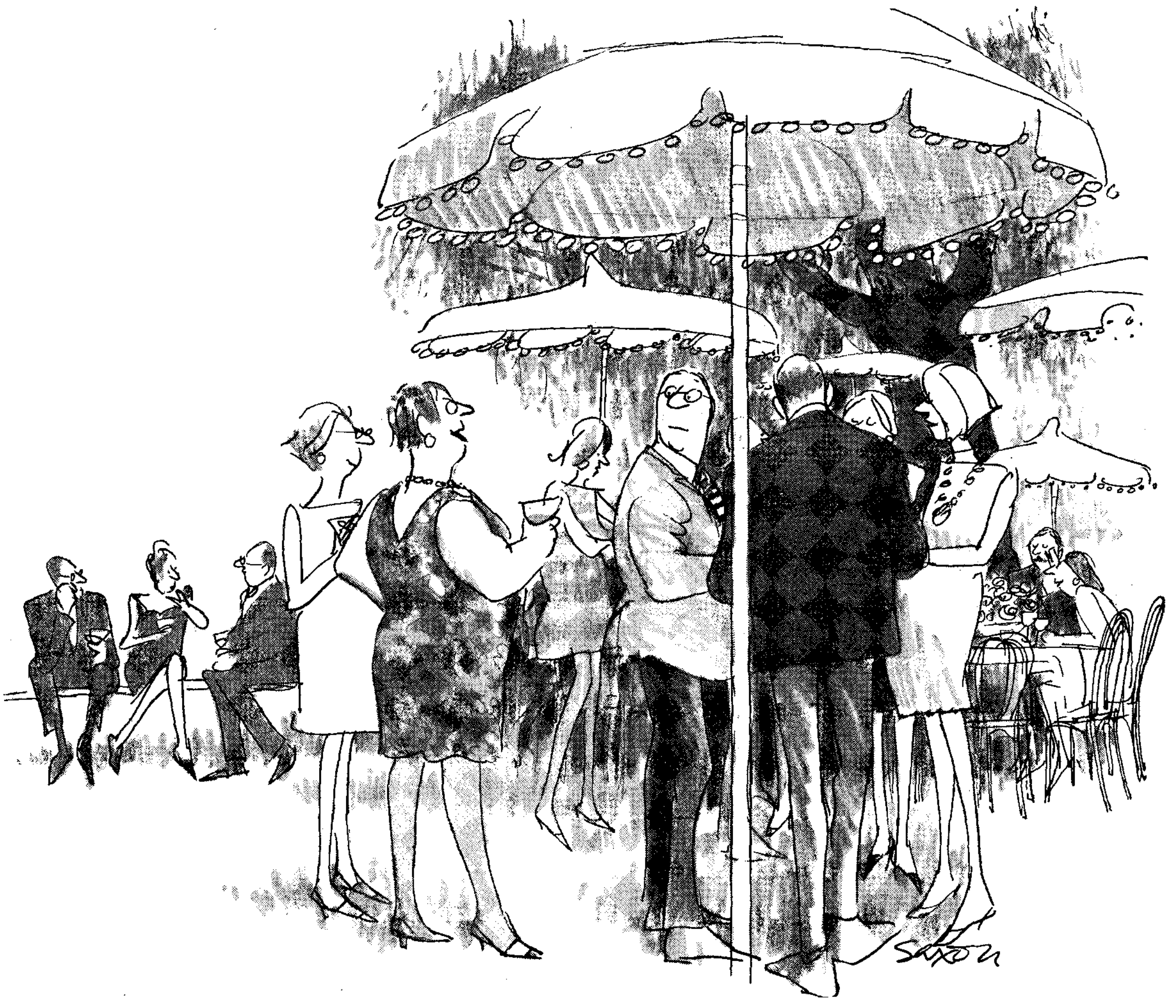
ingly as in every American city, from New York to San Francisco.

VENICE: Venice called us once again, and for a few days we bathed in its mellow sunlight. At the end of May, the tourist traffic was not yet at its heaviest, and the pedantic drone of Baedeker in German was not as loudly authoritative in the Piazza San Marco as it usually is. This is too late a day to talk about the glories of Venice, still less to explain why I follow Ruskin in regarding the Ducal Palace as one of the perfect works of architecture in the world. Nor am I tempted here to repeat why I believe that the six neighborhoods of Venice, with their workshops, markets, and *trattorie*, with their minor parochial subdivisions, and with their heavy industries established in separate zones or islands—like the glass industry of Murano—still present a workable model for contemporary planning, quite apart from the fact that by its variety, its functional efficiency, and its beauty Venice makes hash of our own Jane Jacobs' dogmas on planning.

We had a room with a balcony on the Grand Canal, opposite my favorite Venetian view—of the Santa Maria della Salute, not far from the old, turreted Customs House at the point. For the view alone I would rate the hotels along this strip of the canal above the more famous hostelries that command the open waterfront. The Santa Maria is baroque design at its extravagant best—as lively and adventurous in construction as the best medieval work. It must have been my anticipatory pleasure, approaching it by foot on Sunday morning, that made me, quite by error, toss a silver coin to a squatting beggar woman, instead of the similar piece of baser metal I had in the same pocket. But the squawk of stunned delight that she uttered as we walked away, which made me realize my mistake, more than compensated for my careless gesture. I can't remember ever having produced so much happiness so cheaply.

IT is easy to dismiss Venice as a museum piece, a tourist trap, a moldering remnant of a beautiful but too often sinister past, and there is plenty of ground for all these judgments. Venice, which was built on piles, is physically threatened not merely by rotting foundations but by periodically rising floods, which seem to be getting worse. But as the historic core of the province of Venetia it is far from being outmoded, since, on the nearby mainland, there is a large and growing industrial complex, whose very prosperity, indeed, threatens Venice as it has always been. Already there have been silly proposals for filling up the canals of Venice and turning them into motor highways—something that would cause Venice to lose its immense distinction as a town perfectly designed for pedestrians and capable of surviving comfortably even if every gondola and gasoline launch except the boats bringing in vegetables, flowers, and fish were banished.

What Venice needs is neither motorways nor high-rise slabs but a systematic renovation of existing buildings, with an opening up to daylight and sunlight of its foulest slums. The turning of the old *palazzi* into hotels has long provided for the needs of the wealthier visitors, and with a sufficient supply of capital a much more thorough piecemeal rebuilding would be in order. Nevertheless, the city is still alive, as a cultural center in its own right. (I don't refer to the Biennale!) For it is from the Piazza San Marco that the Société Européenne de Culture has for the last two decades performed a unique service, rallying the intellectual leaders of Europe—and to a minor extent of the United States—into what is becoming a worldwide effort to promote cultural understanding and cooperation. Except for the bureaucratic ministrations of UNESCO, this society made the first breakthrough in promot-



"*So! Mr. Board of Zoning! Our paths cross again!*"

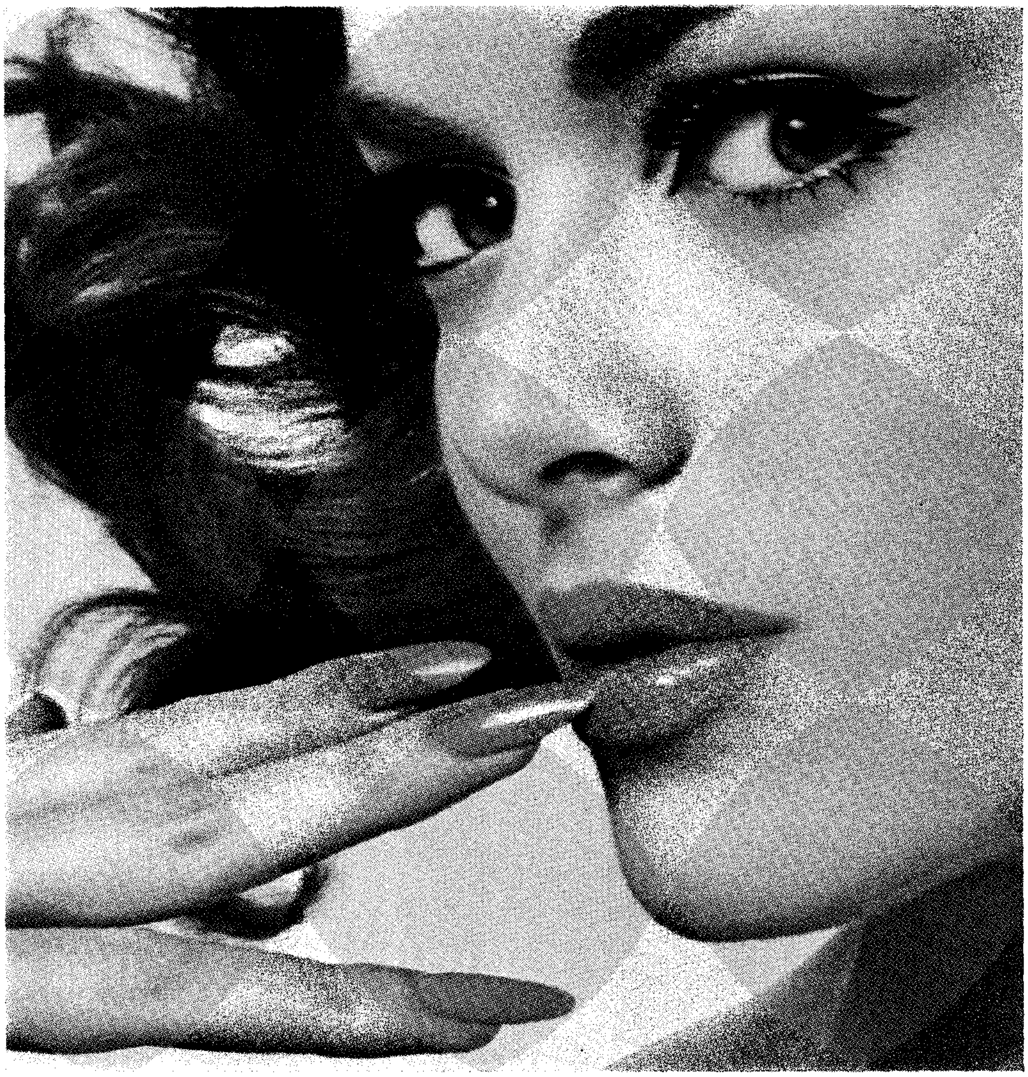
• •

ing an open "dialogue" between non-Communists and their intellectual colleagues in Communist Russia and its satellites.

ZURICH: The *rapido* from Milan to Zurich is a superb modern train, one of a whole fleet in Europe that makes one realize what sublime idiots our own countrymen and the English have been in allowing their railroad systems to be dismantled by railroad executives and transportation "experts" who seem to have got all their training in junkyards. But seven hours of rail travel from Venice had left us that night aching for bed, and it was a shock, when we reached our hotel, to find that despite two confirmations and a deposit the desk clerk had neglected to enter our reservation in the book and that every room in the house was occupied. The night clerk stuttered and cringed as we waited in grim silence for something to be done. He finally offered to find a hotel in the neighborhood and promised us that a room in his hotel would be ready by noon next day. So we followed the porter carrying our overnight bags up a steep street to a nearby "hotel," actually a folksy Swiss restaurant specializing in Swiss dishes and yodelling for a tourist trade; the bedrooms were apparently an afterthought. We were tired and wanted only to get to bed, but the next few hours were a comic nightmare. For the clerk who showed us to our cramped room was much too proud of its uniqueness to let us go to bed. First he pointed to a bulky chest in a corner, covered with frilled chintz, and, sweeping the cloth aside, showed that it was really a refrigerator, already stocked with mineral water, Coca-Cola, whiskey, and champagne (with their prices listed on the door). "Thanks, but we'd like to get to bed at once." "Ah, the bed! But look." And he demonstrated. "See, I press this button." And up came the head of the bed. He pressed another button, and the foot of the bed was raised, too. It was, in short, the latest type of motorized hospital bed, and he was so proud of it that it was wicked of me to deflate him by saying dryly, "We prefer it flat; *we want to go to sleep*."

In a few minutes we were ready to try the bed, noting, this hot night, that it still boasted that final absurdity in bedding—the old-fashioned Central European puff, too short in winter, too hot for any other season. But there was a knock at the door and a waiter entered bearing a tray laden with cold cuts, bread, salad, and coffee. We said that there had been an error; we wanted only to go to sleep. But the waiter insisted; we *must* have ordered it, the room number was unmistakable. Since we had barely finished our dinner before the train pulled into Zurich, the thought of food at this hour, in our state of fatigue, was repellent. We almost pushed the man out of the room, wondering if the guilty clerk at our first hotel had ordered the repast as a gesture of apology. Again we prepared for sleep, but the heat of the night—augmented by the heat emitted by the refrigerator, and magnified by the noise of the revellers and the kitchen staff below—thwarted us. The heat and noise supplied the penultimate comic touch; the ultimate one came next morning when the waiter brought in breakfast. His first move, after laying down the tray, was to open the refrigerator. "You did not drink anything last night! . . . You would like Coca-Cola for breakfast, then?" We would not like Coca-Cola at any time, or any Veuve Clicquot for breakfast, either. I could see the waiter's face say, "They are not American!"

That was our introduction to Zurich, but once we escaped this den of folksy modernity, everything went well. Our room clerk, in atonement, assigned us the finest room in the house—a corner one on an upper floor, with a view up and down the Limmat and over the lake, the swans and the *Faltboote* gliding on the river, and, below, an outdoor public balcony for dining. Yes, it really was an excellent hostelry. As for the error of the room clerk, that was cleared up by one look at the sweet-faced, dreamy young man



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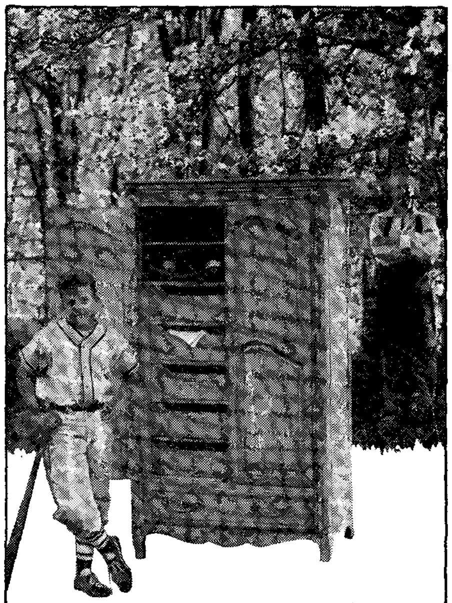

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who had made the mistake. He was obviously a poet; even a mediocre vocational counsellor could have told him he had no qualifications whatever for keeping a reservation book in a busy hotel.

IN Zurich I was the guest of the Jung Institut, and I gave a couple of talks at that center. This hospitality was evoked by a long review of Jung's autobiography I had written in *The New Yorker* a few years ago. While Jung's disciples in New York had severely criticized my review—on the ground that it failed to do justice to his work, especially because it brought out the likenesses between him and Freud, rather than their usually overemphasized differences—many of those who had worked with him closely in Europe were delighted by my review. One of his colleagues, Dr. Jolande Jacobi, felt that I had come so close to him that I must have undergone an analysis at his hands. We took part in a commemoration meeting, held on the sixth anniversary of his death, in 1961, in a community room not far from the Institut. The occasion brought together those who knew him too well to worship him and those who worshipped him too well to know him, but it also presented the living image of the old man himself, in a British documentary film I had not seen before—a well-conceived and well-rendered dialogue in which the cultivated European and the shrewd peasant, now long past life's storms, came through in the friendliest partnership. Let me add parenthetically that the term "peasant," which had seemed derogatory to some of the American admirers of Jung when I used it in my review, happens to be the highest compliment one can pay to a Swiss.

As with any other great figure, Jung's life and thought were full of contradictions, some of which he transcended in the act of living, some of which were never resolved. As for his ambivalent attitude toward the Nazi movement, which at times seems to have carried him along with its exultant dynamism, and his equally ambivalent attitude toward the Jews, there is something further to be said, though only those who were near to him can say it. Jung was reluctant to admit that his failure to take a stand against Nazism indicated a certain sympathy with its ideals, if not consent to its sadistic practices, but in the end, under pressure from old colleagues who had been affronted by his conduct, he acknowledged his blindness. Certainly he chose an unfortunate moment in the thirties to dwell on the peculiarities of the Jewish psyche, just as Dr. Carleton Coon chose an unfortunate moment lately to bring forward his hypothesis that the Negroes as a race were late arrivals on the human scene. And certainly, too, Jung never denounced Fascism or Nazism as vehemently as he had denounced Russian Communism, though the terrorism and inhumanity systematically practiced by both systems were patent from the start. Jung does not stand alone. More than once I have been shocked, since the Second World War, to discover that some of the most internationally minded Europeans I know—humane, deeply cultivated men, not shameless barbarians—had stultified themselves by their sympathetic attitude toward Hitler and Nazism. And did not the gentlemanly Harold Nicolson, who redeemed his early allegiance to Mosley's Fascism by joining the small band that before 1939 actively opposed submission to the Nazis, proclaim himself frankly an anti-Semite?

That corruption is not yet over. Indeed, the stultification has now taken a more subtle turn in A. J. P. Taylor, the Oxford historian, who has fabricated out of whole cloth a mild, sensible, almost genial character, a sort of German Neville Chamberlain, whom he has the incredible impudence to call Hitler. Taylor's Hitler is just an ordinary patriotic statesman who couldn't possibly have meant the things he shouted and wrote, or have perpetrated the ghastly deeds that he conceived and brought to pass. Alongside this seemingly equable but insidious reworking of the evidence by a trained scholar, Jung's political sins during the overheated thirties seem venial.

Doubtless there are moments in every life at which people do or say things, confidently, brazenly, rashly, that, when they look back later, seem crazily out of character—at least morally or intellectually indefensible. But there was another conflict in Jung's life that still teases one, because to the end he remained silent about it and pronounced no judgment on its success or failure. This was his relation to the two women who occupied a central position in his life—his wife and his mistress, who was also a close colleague at his clinic. What was peculiar about this dual attachment was that it was open, that it was maintained on principle, and that it endured. Did Jung at the end still regard this as a new sexual pattern, a happy union of both constancy and change, or did it turn out to have the same tensions, strains, jealousies, desolations, bitternesses as more conventional departures from marital fidelity? If this duality were easy to maintain, one could hardly explain the number of murders committed both in fact and in fantasy in order to shake loose from either the wife or the mistress.

I found myself unexpectedly confronted with this unresolved question one evening when, to collect my wits before my lecture, I took refuge in the Secretary's office at the Jung Institut. On one wall three large photographs stared at me. To the left was an elderly woman with a strongly modelled face, slightly grim, almost formidable—not the placid young mother I remembered in an earlier family photograph. In the center was Dr. Jung, in ripe old age but still with the inner vigor he had shown in the film. The third was a somewhat younger woman, finely modelled, self-possessed, slightly disdainful about the mouth—more the face of a pure intellectual than Jung's: Toni herself. The wife, the man, and the mistress. How I wished, as I looked from one to the other, that I could have made at least one of them talk! When Jung himself, in his autobiography, said that one can make no judgment about one's life, he was perhaps protecting his own ego—or was he just saying that the emotional storms he had lived through could not, even for such a bold navigator as himself, bear cool review and appraisal once the living moment was past? Either way, I remain dissatisfied, for I would have liked him to answer a single question: Would you follow the same plan of life again?

ENGLAND: The first impression of the traveller on entering every European city is: The traffic has got even worse than it was last time. That is true, too, of London, but this impression was followed by a second one: There are even more high-rise slabs—the latest being some vast white erections on Victoria Street. And to increase the congestion, the disorder, the noise, a new Underground line is slowly being tunnelled across London, a city already so choked with utilities' mains and many layers of Undergrounds that to add another one is a formidable task. Finally, the roar of jet planes has become incessant over wide areas in the city, so much so that one morning when I

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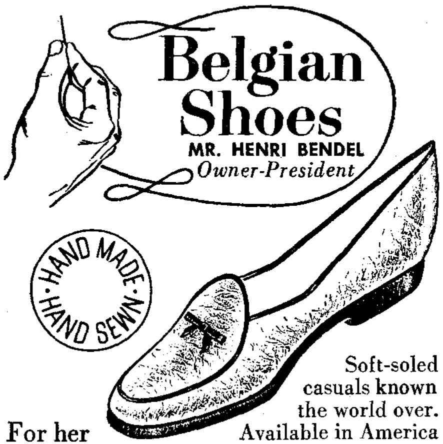

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was making a few comments on the state of the city for B.B.C. television, in a square in Chelsea, the very points I was making were underlined by the insistent flights of planes, which repeatedly halted the performance. Already, most intelligent people in England have concluded that supersonic planes would be intolerable over inhabited areas, and possibly everywhere. This is a belated conclusion. The growing defilement of the air by noise ranks with smoke pollution as a lethal assault against the physiological and mental balance of the human organism. Here again those musicians who seek to turn brute noise into art—indeed, who hail this as the final destiny of music—are behaving like the trusties in a Nazi extermination camp who connived with the administration in facilitating the massacre of their fellow-prisoners. When Spengler predicted the downfall of Western civilization, he allowed for the death of art but was not prescient enough to foresee the rise of anti-art—all those forms of organized aesthetic violence, achieved with the latest mechanical and electronic devices, that are hastening the whole process.

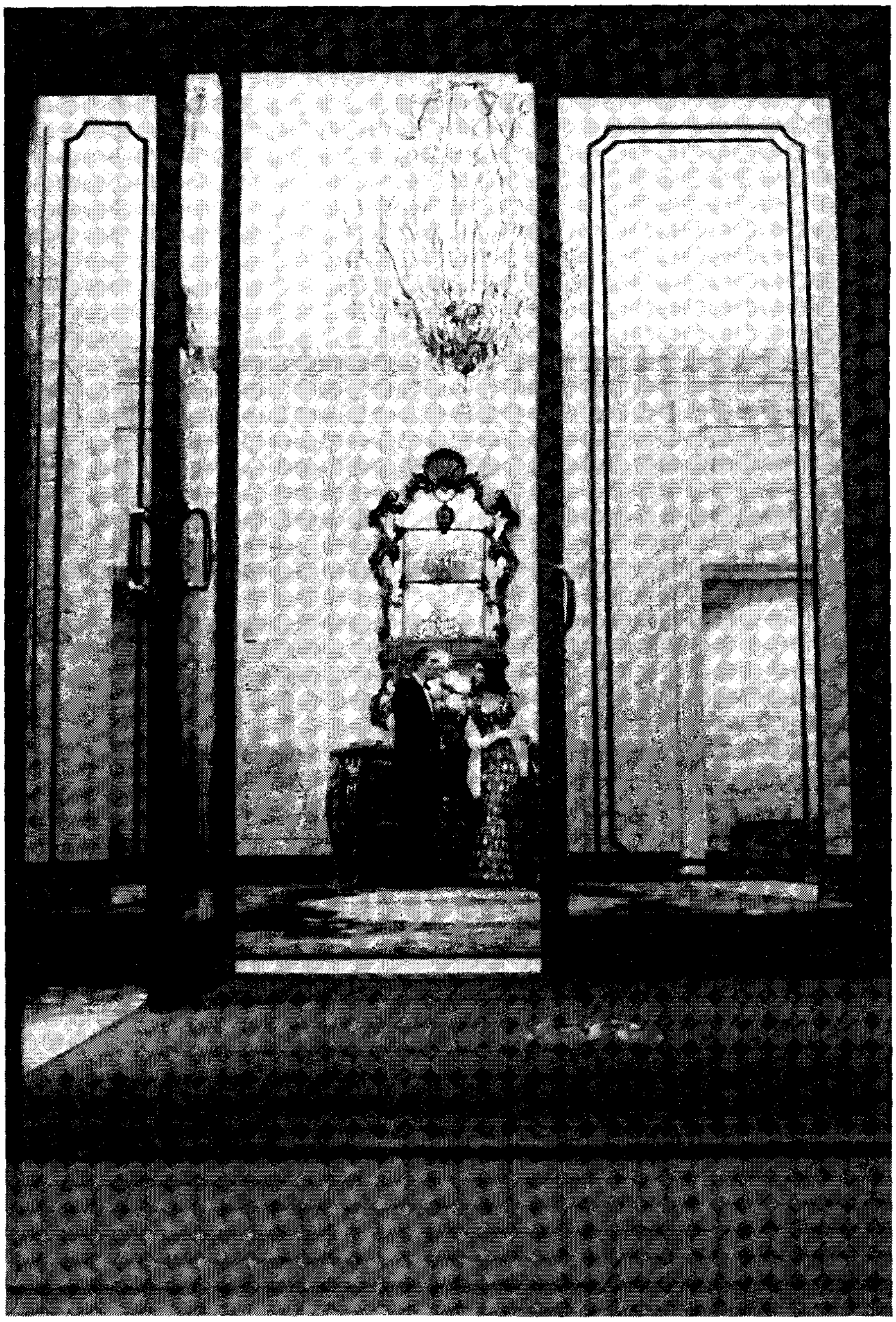
EVERYONE knows how the motorcar has driven the pedestrian off the road; in fact, in California the police often arrest pedestrians on sight, even in daylight, as suspicious characters. And in England, too, where in certain counties the ancient footpaths still cut across the fields, the habit of walking has died out. Yet anyone who looks through a volume of Edwardian or Georgian reminiscences will see that the young everywhere walked what now seem impossible distances, either for the fun of being footloose and free or to visit friends. An old canon in Salisbury Cathedral, of whom I have fond memory, told me that a forty- or fifty-mile-a-day walk was common in his time. I shall leave Hazlitt and Whitman and Stevenson to convey the sense of untrammelled freedom that only walking gives. The final melancholy passage in this change I have noted in two shopwindows in London—Swaine, Adeney, Brigg & Sons, in Piccadilly, which in 1946 still had a fine assortment of canes, and James Smith & Sons, Walking Sticks, in New Oxford Street. As recently as ten years ago, the latter had the largest collection of walking sticks anywhere: every kind of wood, every shape, every finish, from refined malacca to stout ash or blackthorn; there were even shillelaghs. Passing that shop lately, I found not a single walking stick in the window. The nearest approximation was an umbrella.

OVER the years I have lived in many parts of London—Pimlico, Bloomsbury, Piccadilly, Kensington—but the part I have come to know most intimately in late years is the area around Regent's Park, thanks to the hospitality of old friends who have repeatedly put a top-floor housekeeping apartment at our disposal, overlooking the magnificent greenery of the park. This long palisade of big four- or five-story houses—"terraces" in England—with their classic severity broken by occasional florid touches, as in the columns and lettering of Chester Terrace, serves well as a frame for the great park; without that greenery they would seem too stiffly drilled and regimented—soldiers held at attention too long on a bare parade ground. Even before the buzz bombs wrecked much of this area, these houses were almost impossible to keep going, because of the dearth of servants. They have now been restored or rebuilt to earn high rents as luxurious flats or business offices, or as nests for the ever-growing governmental bureaucracy. Behind these terraces, to the east, is Albany Street, whose drab, respectable façades, also planned by Nash, were once filled with little shops that catered to the poorer neighborhood beyond. One of the charms of living in this part of London was marketing, for though the shops offered only meagre, somewhat low-grade fare, to meet the pocketbooks of their customers, my wife and I found ourselves enjoying our brief contacts with the shopkeepers, almost all of whom we had met before in the pages of Dickens or H. G. Wells. Even after a few years' absence they would remember us, though we had never exchanged confidences about anything but the weather and the cost of living.

Much as I looked forward to lolling in Regent's Park, I looked forward equally, on this return, to chatting with the little shopkeepers in Albany Street, somehow surviving uncomplainingly, I anticipated, through taxes and inflation, as they had survived through the blitz. So I was startled and dismayed to find that in less than two years the old buildings had been demolished and expensive flats were taking their place. The shopkeepers had been driven out—to seek, but possibly never to find, some quarter as cheap as the old one, where they might start all over again in the bare hope of making a bare living. This was another kind of buzz bomb, hitting at random, demolishing buildings, killing or maiming their inhabitants—the damage so neatly cleaned up next morning that the passerby would not know the difference. I know what my own feelings were about this forced exodus, and I can imagine theirs.

THOUGH I have repeatedly visited parts of industrial England—Liverpool, Manchester, York, Birmingham, Coventry—I had never been closer to the pottery area, the Five Towns, than in the novels of Arnold Bennett, so I seized a happy chance to visit one of the new firms in Stoke-on-Trent—the Portmeirion Potteries. This particular pottery is the home of a new line, Portmeirion ware, named after the elfin vacation resort in North Wales where Clough Williams-Ellis has made a picture-book townlet out of abandoned halls, columns, buildings—Jacobean, Georgian, Victorian—doomed by modern wreckers: a pastiche of stone and stucco. The chief designer in the pottery, Susan, a female scion of the Williams-Ellises, has captivated contemporary taste by offering both traditional designs and boldly modern geometric patterns covering equally bold shapes. So successful have these new designs been that an English friend told me that when he looked for modern pottery on a visit to Finland he had everywhere been shown Portmeirion ware.

Potterymaking is still a highly competitive industry, though the Wedgwoods and the Mintons have long been in a dominant position. The Portmeirion people took over a defunct pottery, some of whose Victorian molds, left scattered about, have—after a refurbishing—been brought into production again, updated by current fashion. Unlike spinning and weaving, which were completely automated by the beginning of the nineteenth century, potmaking resists both automation and the assembly line; there are so many places where the hand and the eye are needed for the scraping, smoothing, and filling between the pouring of the liquid clay into the molds and the final baking and glazing of the biscuit. (The potter's wheel, incidentally, remains in the rudimentary form of a small turntable.) So though much of the work is mechanized, the process is still, at every point, under human control. What was better, this particular factory was mod-



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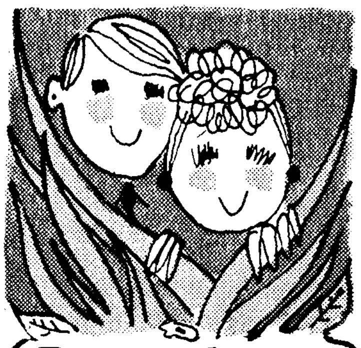

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est enough in size to maintain human contact between the designer and the operatives; as we passed from room to room, clad in smocks against the pervasive white clay, Susan greeted many of them by name, and when she saw the possibility of technical improvement that would facilitate one of the operations, she put it forward in the form of a suggestion, urging the worker to think himself about the best mechanical means for carrying it out. In such a milieu, the self-respect of the old handicraft worker has not been undermined, though so many of the processes have been taken out of his hands; indeed, the Stoke pottery workers are a proud hereditary group, a labor aristocracy, passing on the old skills from parents to children. I was told that Arnold Bennett was not regarded there as a true spokesman for the Five Towns, since he belonged to the shopkeeper and petty-professional class—upstarts and outsiders.

Potmaking dates back to neolithic culture, and the potter's wheel was one of the first rotary machines, coming before even the wagon wheel, yet as a handicraft it has all but priced itself out of the market. The early processes, which held their own for five thousand years, now can survive only as a means of education and experiment, or as a self-rewarding hobby for those who court rich patrons or have other sources of income. The difference between the two technologies came out at lunch when the owners of the factory discussed a letter they had just received from a potter in North Africa whom they had recently visited. His incised ornament was not unlike some of the Portmeirion designs, and the Portmeirion designer and he had had a happy exchange of ideas. He wanted a job at the Portmeirion works, where he felt his talents would be better appreciated. Unfortunately, the making of one of his pots by hand took a whole hour, and there was no place in the English market for that kind of work, with its forbidding price tag. William Morris had discovered this long ago.

What will happen to the personal contact between the management, the designer, and the workers if this pottery is tempted by its success to expand much beyond its present limits remains in doubt. When I toured the works, it was at the midway point, where the virtues of both systems, the handicraft and the machine, were still more or less intact and in balance. There is the prospect, thanks to the greater use of exhaust fans to free the air of clay dust, that the present generation of workers will have a healthier and longer life than their grandparents and even their parents had; the latter, I was told, are, in spite of Factory Acts, still dying of silicosis, their lungs clogged with the fine dust. That curse of mass production in the close quarters of badly ventilated factories didn't exist, of course, when the village potter worked outdoors, molding his pots on a wheel, and firing them once a month.

Perhaps I got an unusually favorable impression of the pottery industry because my hosts were so gay, lively, imaginative, and so enamored of the work itself as an integral part of their own life. But, for that matter, I got an unexpectedly favorable impression of Stoke, too, for the clouds of smoke that once hung over the old kilns, blackening the skies and the bricks, are gone, and the whole town looked more cheerful than it could have looked even a generation ago.

ON THE ATLANTIC: The sea voyage home is often a welcome occasion—not just to mull over one's recent experiences with other lands and other ways but to quicken one's sensibilities and expectancies and to prepare for one's future work. On such a voyage, in 1932, the four volumes of "The Renewal of Life" series, which I had first thought of doing as a single book, took on an independent existence and even dictated the format of their illustrations. This time, fog accompanied the Queen Elizabeth from Cherbourg to Upper New York Bay, and that fog turned out to be uncomfortably symbolic of what lay before me. The country I had been born in, loved, worked for had become invisible. The *Ocean Times* told one, laconically, that the futile strategy of our government in Vietnam was being mirrored in the futile confrontation of Black Power and White Impotence in one city after another. Both forms of intransigent violence were too irrational to permit reasonable discussion, promote stern self-appraisal, or pave the way for humane solutions.

At the top, a nation lost in self-generated smog, demoralized by war-fed affluence, constantly stung and maddened by a swarm of military Mayflies buzzing with insolent fantasies of absolute power; a nation for long too somnolent to challenge its government's rigid commitment to an endless escalation of errors—moral, political, military, economic—and yet unable to accept the defeat of its armed forces in Vietnam and the humiliating exposure of American impotence. At the bottom, a neglected or ill-treated minority, enfeebled and harassed by poverty, ignorance, insecurity, demoralized by the breakdown of its own communal and family life, taunted by the constant enticement to enjoy the "American Way of Life" through buying goods it cannot afford by means of usurious credit it cannot repay. But what is one to make of a nation so rich that it can spend billions of dollars yearly on rockets to explore a sterile moon or a lethal Venus or a coy Neptune but is too mingy to dole out fifty million dollars to exterminate the rats that infest the urban slums and exacerbate the desolation and misery of their inhabitants?

Emerson, when some of his fellow-citizens in Concord, during the Civil War, threatened to mob the Copperheads at a town meeting, arose and calmly asked, "*Is this Concord?*" Ashamed and cowed, the mob retreated. We have no Emerson, nor is this country of electronically manipulated conformists the New England of Thoreau, Alcott, and Emerson. Yet one waits through the fog to hear a voice saying, "*Is this America?*"

POSTSCRIPT: All this was written almost a year ago, and though much has happened since, it has only magnified all the horrors and terrors that were then visible, and in truth nothing has substantially changed. Not in Israel, not in Vietnam, not in the universities invested by rebellious students, not among the depressed, resentful, and exacerbated minorities. Were I coming home today, most of the thoughts that sobered my earlier return would still be with me—only even more sombre than before. These sentences, left untouched, now say more than I could add by any alteration. *Is this America?* I could not guess, when I quoted this sentence, that a quiet, courageous voice would answer that question, in words of moral indignation that recalled those of Emerson and Thoreau on the Mexican War, or that another voice, now silenced forever, would join him. But all this has happened. Perhaps the fog is beginning to lift.

—LEWIS MUMFORD

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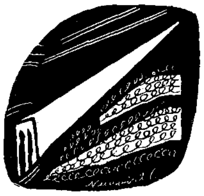
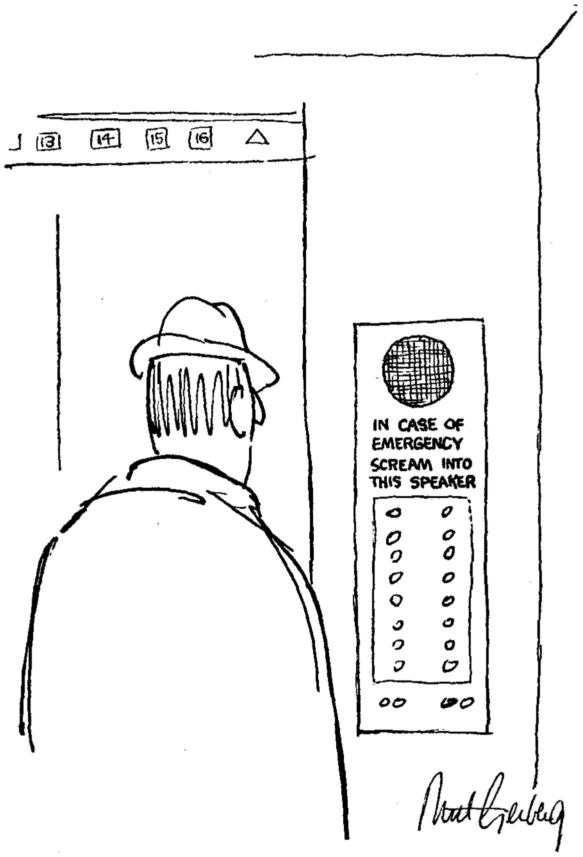
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Nanny Run Amok



Leaving aside the effect of close contact with John Wayne's "The Green Berets," a film best handled from a distance and with a pair of tongs, I would never have guessed that any statement of the right-wing argument for the war in Vietnam could remind me so forcefully of the voice of the traditional English nanny. It took me back to the days of Britain's Suez adventure in 1956. Nanny's brain was there, too. The old guard of nannies is dying out but not yet extinct—not by a long chalk. Members still patrol Kensington Gardens, swapping snobberies over expensive baby carriages. The concept of Nanny looms large in upper-middle-class life, and it is responsible for a lot. One day, somebody should do a study of the ethical effect of Nanny on British foreign affairs for the last hundred and fifty years, for most British prime ministers and foreign secretaries of the past have emerged from nurseries where she ruled unchallenged. Mummy ranked nowhere.

The archetypal nanny figure is authoritarian, proselytizing, both Spartan and greedy, and conservative through to her bootheels. She is also often kindly, faithful, and impossible to budge, with the compound of benignity and insensibility that has distinguished much imperialist policy. She may be what is called a "paragon" (meaning that Mummy won't ever have to look for another one), or she may be a "gorgon" (meaning that Mummy can't face her and the children will have to get on with it), but her morality doesn't vary much, and it has been in force since the early days of the British raj. Even now, in swinging London, considerable numbers of infant toffs are inculcated with Nanny's awful saws: "Good, better, best,/Never let it rest/Till the good is better/And the better best;" "Satan finds a mischief for idle hands to do;" "Don't give me no 'but's. Nanny knows best;" "Eat up your carrots, Lord Rupert. Little children less well off than yourself in Africa could live for a week on the lovely things you leave on your plate;" "Come along, Simon. Plenty of poor children in Asia would be *grateful* to go to Sunday school." When little Lord Rupert and little Simon grow up into the Tory Minister of State for Commonwealth Affairs and the Tory Prime Minister, no wonder they behave toward Africa and Asia like nannies in their turn.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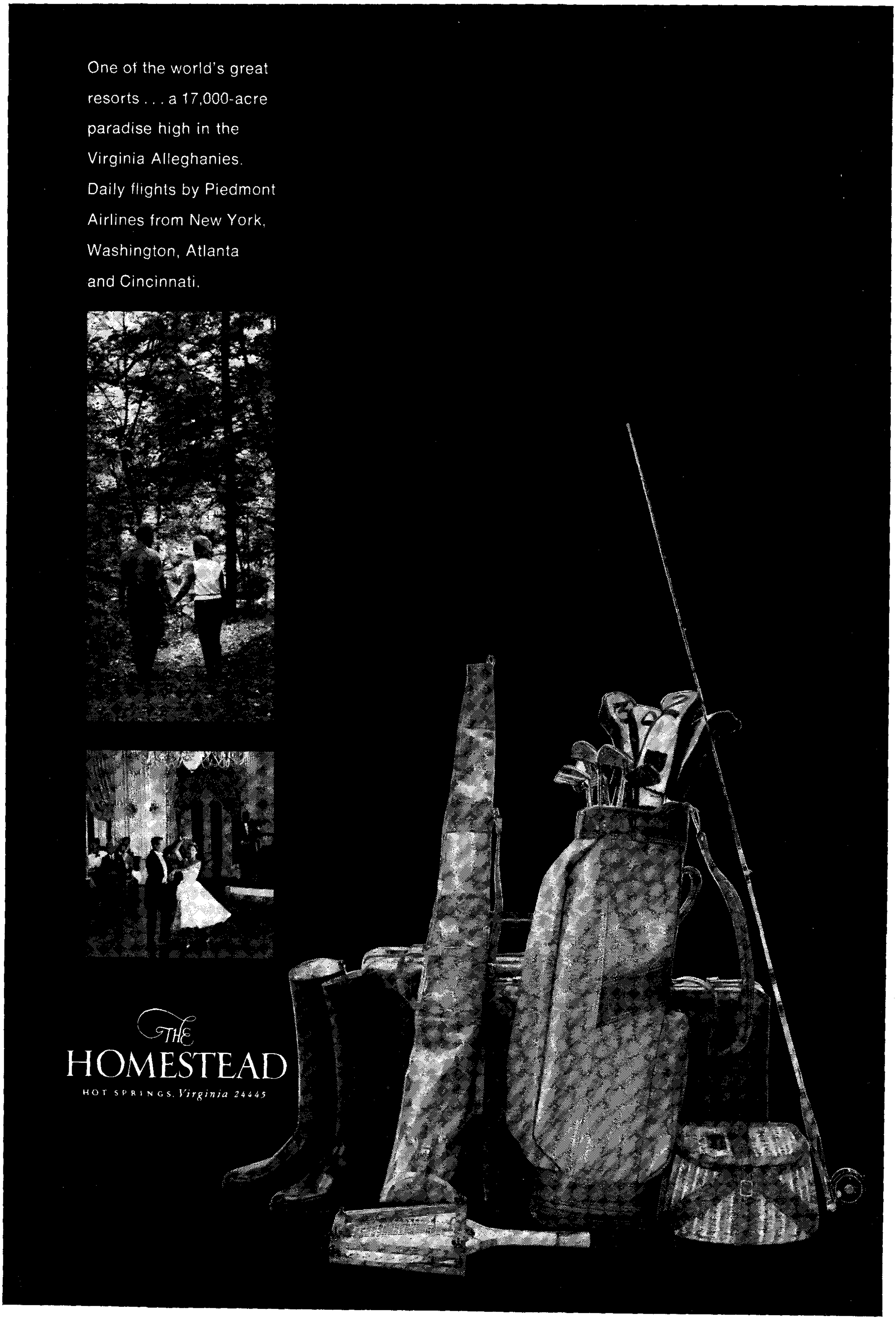
IN CASE OF EMERGENCY SCREAM INTO THIS SPEAKER

The nanny-bred Tory's objection to Eden's Suez adventure was not that it was internationally immoral, or the act of a flouted former power in a fit of pique, but that it wasn't militarily efficient. ("Lord Rupert, you're not trying.") Much the same attitude animates the fury of the American extreme right about the management of the war in Vietnam: if the President only put his mind to it, we could be finished in no time and then we could all go out and play instead of being punished on this lovely day. Nanny's sentiments underlie every scene of "The Green Berets." "If we're born fortunate, we can't expect life to be all fun. Queen Victoria didn't *enjoy* ruling India. Do you think putting down the Indian Mutiny was nice for her? She did it for the Indians' own good." I don't know who was responsible for the upbringing of the people who created "The Green Berets," but the film has the real touch of Nanny's fist. Vietnam is treated as if it were a little savage, in dire need of moral upbringing and probably infected with lice. As the picture sees things, all the appalling butchery carried out by the Americans in it is for Vietnam's own good. The Vietnamese haven't had our advantages; they don't know what's best for them yet. The green-bereted soldiers speak to the Vietnamese in a dismaying version of baby talk, and the Vietnamese answer like Nanny's idea of rude-tongued village idiots, using naughty words like "stinking." ("My home is in Hanoi," says a Vietnamese who is on the Right Side. "I go home someday. First kill those stinking Cong. Then go home.") The Green Berets in John Wayne's charge are the nicely brought-up children, brought up to say "please." ("Sir, could I have a choice, just for the hell of it?" "Yes, you can have a choice," says Wayne. "I'll take a point," says the soldier, bravely choosing to kill off a few more stinkers, or villagers, and getting further into Nanny Wayne's good books.) Wayne knows that everything is for the sake of the Vietnamese in the end. A sickening child who stands for the Vietnam that needs "protection" says to him in the closing shot (which is a back view of the two of them against—I swear—a rosy sunset), "What will happen to me now?" "You let me worry about this, son," says Wayne. "You're what this is all about."

"The Green Berets" must be the first film to put the unadulterated right-wing case for the war. With a clumsiness that would be funnier if it were less terrifying, it includes a primitive lesson in dogma, set at the John F. Kennedy School for special instruction in guerrilla warfare and inane derring-do. A planted liberal journalist is allowed to put some tricky questions, which the soldiers begin to answer for themselves. One of them triumphantly explains away the delay in a settlement with Hanoi by equating it with the eleven years that it took the original American states "to come up with a paper that everyone would sign—the Constitution." Another, justifying everything, shows a crateful of Czech arms and says, "What is involved here is Communist domination of the world." The liberal journalist retains his doubts for a minimal amount of time. The only sure way I had of knowing that he was supposed to be liberal was that he waggled his



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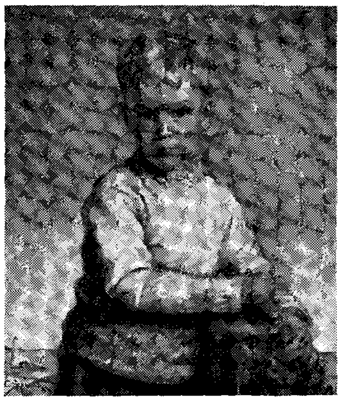

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pencil. Later on, in combat, where he does no visible research of any kind, he is a quick convert to Wayne's opinions. One is supposed to believe that he has an intellect. It gets hard.

The film's serious moments are tough to bear, but its sense of humor is worse. Sudden death is often a practical joke, and a Vietcong face blown apart in mid-grin is a sight gag. I deliberately went to the film when there was an audience, and the response to it was enough to make your bones shake. On a weekday afternoon, the cinema was crammed. Many, many times, when a character of *any* nationality was startlingly blown up or thrown off a toppling structure or impaled by a booby trap, there were cheers and gales of laughter. Purely patriotic moments left the audience relatively cold. When John Wayne ran down the Vietcong flag after a long battle to "liberate" a village, there wasn't a sound. Not even a simple rah-rah chauvinism dignified the glee. Preserve us.

In his irresistible book of interviews with Alfred Hitchcock, published a year or so ago, François Truffaut put it to his subject that "the texture of your films is made up of three elements: fear, sex, and death. These are not daytime preoccupations, like in films that deal with unemployment, racism, poverty, or in the many pictures on everyday love conflicts. . . . They are nighttime anxieties, therefore metaphysical anxieties." Hitchcock's reply, though polite, seems rather startled. I keep feeling that "The Bride Wore Black," the picture that Truffaut has just made as an act of homage to Hitchcock, is a lot more like the films that Truffaut sees in Hitchcock's work than Hitchcock's films actually are. This really *is* a metaphysical thriller. The story is about a multiple murderess, and the plot is totally foreseeable after the first ten minutes; the binding interest lies in the murderess's odd poise of soul. Jeanne Moreau plays her in a very antisensual and hermetic mood. The character kills with nunlike calm and a comic sunniness. She was widowed as a bride on the steps of the wedding church, when her husband was shot dead by one of a group of funsters playing cards together and fooling around with a high-powered rifle. They started by aiming at the church's weathervane; there was no visible motive for killing the bridegroom, and the vagueness of the act blurs and spreads the guilt. Jeanne Moreau instantly slips her husband's ring onto her forefinger, where it sits like a cardinal's, and becomes the bride of revenge. She tracks down the men one by one, not caring particularly who did it, and kills them off. Even the innocent victims feel half guilty, because of the arbitrariness of the murder, and none of them are altogether surprised to die. There is also no suspense about the possibility of her capture, since she doesn't give a damn about being punished. Fear isn't in her compass. Nor is remorse, or any other suffering, for she feels herself to be already dead because she is in love with a murdered man. She is a priest's despair, of course. By some private code, though, she behaves with iron virtue. When a young schoolmistress is picked up by the police for one of her murders, she makes a brisk telephone call from an airport to confirm her own guilt, giving the evidence against herself to the police as if she were dictating notes for a busy day to her secretary. Her sense of justice is so elegant that it verges on etiquette. She kills with style, dressed in black or white, or both. She seems indifferent to the question of which particular member of the party was technically guilty, since all of their lives strike her as shabby. They are ambitious, or pernickety, or lecherous, or idle-minded, or simply culpable for existing when a better man is dead. In her book, they sin by going on chattering after her husband's life has stopped. When she sits in front of a cupboard where she has locked a suspect and deafens herself to his frantic voice because, she says, she can listen "only to David," the tears are pouring down her face. David was her husband, and it seems she is telling the truth. Hitchcock would make her a ridiculed hysteric; Truffaut makes her the luckless survivor of romantic love. She and her husband adored one another from childhood. There are some slow-motion scenes of them together as kids, running out-of-doors, that seemed to me rather emptily lyrical and like hair-shampoo commercials, but maybe this is my fault for looking at hair-shampoo commercials.

The victims are minutely characterized and cast. One of the first is a prissy bachelor who keeps his booze hidden among his clothes and makes careful marks of the level on the bottle to detect secret swiggers. Justly enough, there is indeed a woman who creeps into his room and robs him of a hefty swallow; and justly enough, too, his way of dying is by a poison that Jeanne Moreau has wittily injected into an unopened bottle of hooch by plunging a loaded hypodermic needle through the cork. The poor fusspot ends life rather irritably, as if he disliked leaving himself to mess up his room. The killer, sitting on an upright chair beside the door (wearing black, with one white glove pulled on), watches him thrash and waits calmly, like a constant girl in a legend. Truffaut has a very alert and amused eye. It is quite different from Hitchcock's. The wicked detail in Hitchcock's best films is often there to spring a surprise on the audience, and it is characteristically mischievous about discomfiture in his characters—about stately beauties who are on the brink of kitchen-maid hysteria, for instance, or about a man in dire emergency who simultaneously has to cope with a sneeze or with pain at the dentist's. Truffaut could never use his characters like this. His sense of the ambiguity of behavior is precise and gentle. Again and again he notices what people do when they fear that something awful may be true and at the same time tell themselves not to imagine things. There is a delicate performance by Christophe Brunot as a child of five or six gripped by a mixture of canniness, power, and panic in a situation where he knows an adult to be asking him to lie. Love of Hitchcock leads Truffaut to a funny and alarming scene in a box at a cello recital (cf. "The Man Who Knew Too Much"). I wish the same love hadn't led him to Bernard Herrmann, Hitchcock's favorite composer, whose score for this film nudges you in the ribs as maddeningly as someone near you in the cinema reading the subtitles out loud.

The beauty of the way Truffaut puts film together is one of the great pleasures of current cinema. In itself, the plot could make this a silly picture. What transforms it has nothing to do with what he has learned from Hitchcock; the grace that just saves it is Truffaut's own comic and poetic feeling for behavior. The perverse Gallic hero worship of an irrelevant model simply shackles the film. It is as if, say, Fellini were to set out on an awestruck imitation of that other great *Cahiers du Cinéma* idol Howard Hawks. But by some miracle of taste and insight Truffaut almost shakes off the limitations of his master and begins to let the story grow into something else. "The Bride Wore Black" isn't really a thriller. It's a film about pagan love pitted against Catholic notions of guilt, with love humorously triumphant and somehow scot-free.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

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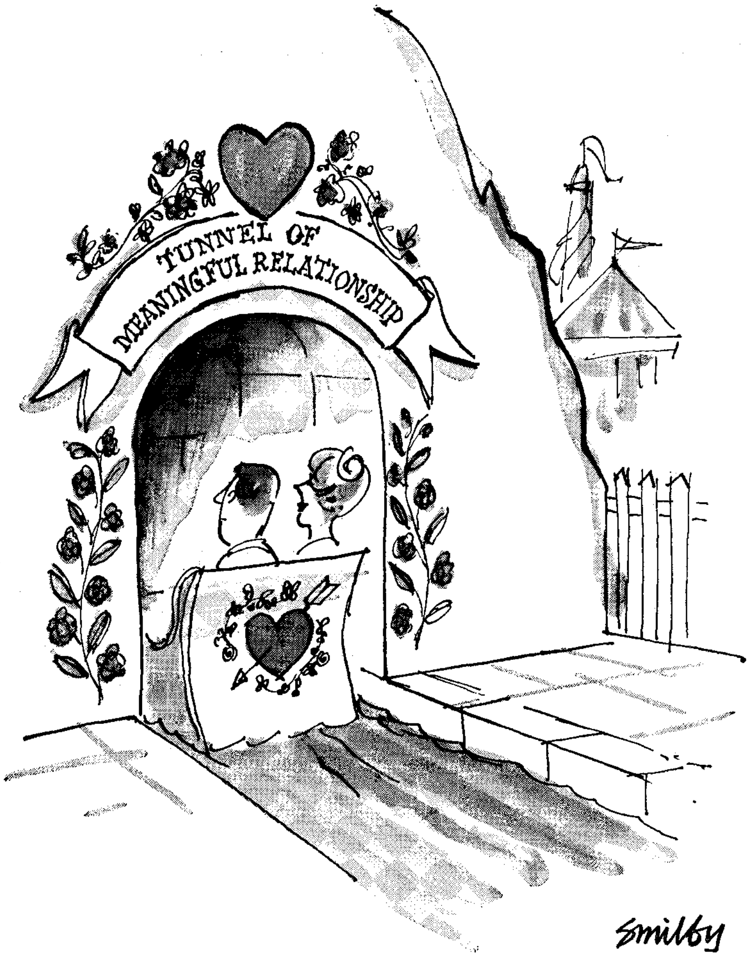
THE SPORTING SCENE

EL EXIGENTE AND THE EL PASO EXPRESS

WHOEVER it was who first declared that conversation is a lost art may well have done his fieldwork on the eve of one of the big golf championships. By that time, the players, officials, and enthusiasts assembled at the venue have long since finished delivering their enthralling accounts of how they travelled to the tournament, as well as their winged critiques of the local eating places, and now, invariably, everyone is down to two standard sentences, both of them interrogative. The first is "Who do you think will win?" It is, of course, impossible to answer this before play has begun. To be sure, one can name Casper or Nicklaus or Palmer or any of the twenty-odd other entrants who has a serious chance, but, really, it isn't until midway through the third round, at the earliest, that even the shrewdest observer begins to discern which golfers are playing well enough to win and seem to be in the mood to carry it off. The second inescapable question is "What do you think the winning score will be?" This is also unanswerable, because no one knows what the weather will be during the four days of the tournament and how it will affect playing conditions. The best thing to do, though, is to name one of the customary seventy-two-hole figures—say, 278 or 280 or 282—and look absorbed when the other party opts for 279 or 281 or 283. At the conclusion of a tournament, no one ever remembers anybody else's prediction about the winning total, but since 1954 or thereabouts it has been fashionable to broach this subject, since it implies that the broacher knows his golf inside out. (If it were the hour before dawn, he would be soliciting opinions on the number of rosy fingers Homer had in mind or on meteorological conditions in Mandalay.)

One of the several distinctions of the United States Open is that it is just about the only golf event that regularly evokes good, robust pre-tournament conversation. The Open, being our national championship, has been regarded since its inception in 1895 as our most important competition, and the men charged with preparing the Open course have always assumed it to be their prerogative to provide the most rigorous examination possible. Accordingly, there is a lot to discuss. Have the fairways been made too narrow? Has the *rough* been allowed to grow too high? Are the greens too fast or too slow or too in-between? Have too many new bunkers been introduced? And so on and so forth, long into the night. In 1926, for example, when the Open was held at Scioto, in Columbus, Ohio, the general feeling before the tournament was that the rough was way out of line—in particular, a virtual wheat field that bordered the eighth fairway on the right. Sure enough, on one round Bobby Cruickshank drove into the field, and after his playing partner, Bobby Jones, had his caddy put his bag down, the better to help Cruickshank find his ball, they had an awful time finding the bag. In those days, it was customary for the host club to supervise the toughening up of the course, and this remained the procedure until 1952. The previous June, when the Open was played at Oakland Hills, near Detroit, the contestants had raised such a howl about the unfairness of the course that the United States Golf Association, which conducts the championship, was asked to take over the preparation of future Open courses. It agreed to do so, and has handled the job ever since. (It was at the presentation ceremony at Oakland Hills, by the way, that Ben Hogan made the famous remark "I am glad I brought this monster to its knees"—a rather odd statement for a winner to make about a course he had just won on, but, on second thought, considering that it was Hogan, not so odd at that.)

When the U.S.G.A. accepted the responsibility for preparing the courses selected for the Open, Richard S. Tufts, one of the very best golf minds in the country, who was then a vice-president of the Association, was given the job of formulating a set of criteria that could henceforth be applied to all Open courses and so bring a certain uniformity to the championship test. In this undertaking, Tufts was assisted by another exceptional golf man, Joseph C. Dey, Jr., who had been executive secretary of the U.S.G.A. for eighteen years and had just been given the title of executive director. After considerable thought and inquiry, and consultation with members of the Championship Committee, Tufts and Dey reached the decision that the desirable height for the vegetation on Open fairways was one-half to three-quarters of an inch and on Open greens three-sixteenths of an inch. (With rare exceptions, the Open is held on courses in our North Temperate Zone, where some variety of bent grass is almost always used for the greens and where bent, bluegrass, redtop, and fescue are used for the fairways, and the standards were arrived at with these conditions in mind. In the years that



the Open would be played on a course in our warm Southern belt, where Bermuda-grass fairways and greens are the rule, different heights of cut would naturally obtain.) Then Tufts and Dey got down to the hard part: the specifications for the width of the fairways and the height of the rough. The fairways, they concluded, should be from thirty to forty yards wide, depending on the difficulty of the individual hole; they should be bordered by six to eight feet of "secondary rough," two inches high, and, beyond this, by "primary rough," four to six inches high. The exact height of the primary rough would be determined just before the start of the championship, when one could observe how the rough had come in and temper its length to fit the thickness of the growth. (Last year, for example, when the Open was at Baltusrol, near Newark, two chill and rainless weeks just before the tournament had made the rough comparatively sparse in many areas, so it was kept at five inches.)

Since this recitation of facts and figures may suggest that Tufts and Dey were tuned in to a cold, computerized muse, it should be made clear that the reverse was true and that they were simply trying to articulate, with the necessary precision, a highly developed philosophy of golf. A true championship course, as they saw it, should require that each shot on each hole be played to a correct position—"from this patch to that patch," as Dey once expressed it. A golfer should be rewarded or punished in just proportion to the degree of accuracy of each shot. For instance, the golfer who put his tee shot in the best position on the fairway should have the easiest approach shot to the green; the golfer who erred slightly off the tee should be slightly penalized by having to play his approach from the secondary rough; the golfer who hit his tee shot badly off line should be penalized more severely and forced to play his approach from the primary rough and at a difficult angle to the opening to the green. Similarly, to penalize faulty approach shots to the green, the putting surface was surrounded by a yard-wide fringe of grass one-half to three-quarters of an inch high, then by a collar of secondary rough ranging in width from two to six feet, depending on the contours of the green area, and, finally, by good old primary rough. In 1954, incidentally, the U.S.G.A. insured the integrity of the rough for the duration of an Open by adopting the practice, which the British had pioneered, of roping off the

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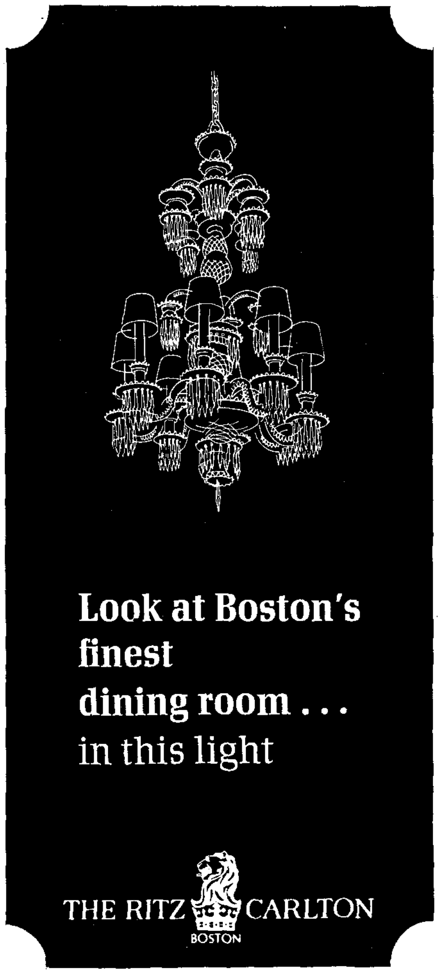
perimeter of each hole, with the stakes placed some fifteen yards from the edges of the fairway. Previously, when the spectators were permitted to follow after the players from tee to green, by the third day of play the rough had been tramped down almost flat, in the direction of the hole, and all its sting was gone.

In 1958, after completing a two-year term as president of the U.S.G.A., Tufts became less active in the affairs of the organization, and the Open course became Dey's special province. An indefatigably conscientious man now in his early sixties, Dey proceeded to pour so much of himself into this work that his friends began to refer to him as the Father of the American Rough, and, more recently, in light of the popularity of a Colombian-coffee commercial, as El Exigente—the Demanding One. I think it would be fair to say that one or two of Dey's later touches have been of debatable worth—for example, the introduction on some holes of a light beard of rough to guard the entrance to the green from the fairway—but by and large the Open courses he has shepherded into shape over the last decade have been of a high order, and a few of them (Oakmont, near Pittsburgh, in 1962; Olympic, in San Francisco, in 1966; and Baltusrol in 1967) have been magnificent. One of the reasons they have been is Dey's system of beginning the preparation of each Open course about three years in advance, and having the early stages supervised by one of the nine agronomists on the staff of the U.S.G.A.'s Green Section.

In the final analysis, however, the quality of an Open course (aside from the fundamental merits of its architecture and how well its holes happen to be suited to the U.S.G.A.'s style of preparation) depends on that year's growth of grass, which in turn depends on that year's winter and spring weather. The 1968 Open course, the Oak Hill Country Club, near Rochester, New York—a wonderful course, designed in 1926 by the celebrated Donald Ross—was extremely lucky. First, it escaped the winter-kill fungus that afflicted many of our Northern golf courses following the hard winter, and, second, the copious spring rains nourished a luxurious growth of grass. Indeed, after an inspection tour of Oak Hill in early June, Dey ordered the primary rough to be cut from five inches to four and widened the tee-shot landing area on several holes by extending the fairway or the secondary rough three yards on each side. On the eve of the championship, El Exigente found himself in a rather novel position. A parade of players known for their contentiousness approached him to tell him how much they liked Oak Hill—the fairways (Astoria bent) were first-class, the greens (basically South German bent) putted perfectly despite the inevitable invasion of some *Poa annua*, and the bluegrass rough was possibly the most uniform rough in the history of the Open. One of the hardest to please of the veteran professionals went as far as to say that the only kick he could register was that the grass in the parking lot was perhaps five-sixteenths of an inch too high.

ALONG with the weather, there is one other aspect of a golf competition that cannot be governed, and this is the shape the tournament takes—the interest that develops, or doesn't, as the golfers battle for the lead over the first three rounds; the drama that builds, or doesn't, as the tournament moves toward its climax on the fourth round. The 1968 Open proved to be a good championship, and the winner, Lee Trevino, produced a remarkable performance in tying Jack Nicklaus's Open record of 275 with rounds of 69, 68, 69, and 69, and in bettering par, 70, on all four rounds—a feat that had never been accomplished before in the Open. In truth, though, this was not one of those stirring Opens that had you so tied up with emotion that you began peering through the wrong end of your binoculars and thrusting the wrong end of your spectator-sports stick into the ground. Back in 1956, the last (and only prior) time the championship was held at Oak Hill, we had just that sort of thriller. On the final day—in 1956, under the old Open format, both the third and fourth rounds were played on the Saturday—Cary Middlecoff, the eventual winner, caught and passed Peter Thomson, the thirty-six-hole leader, on the forty-second hole, and then spent a most anxious seven hours fighting off Thomson (with whom he was paired) and Hogan, Julius Boros, and Ted Kroll (who were playing behind him). Thomson's challenge ended relatively early when he skulled a critical bunker shot on the fifty-second hole, but the other three pursuers stayed right with Middlecoff throughout the long after-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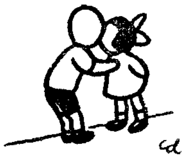
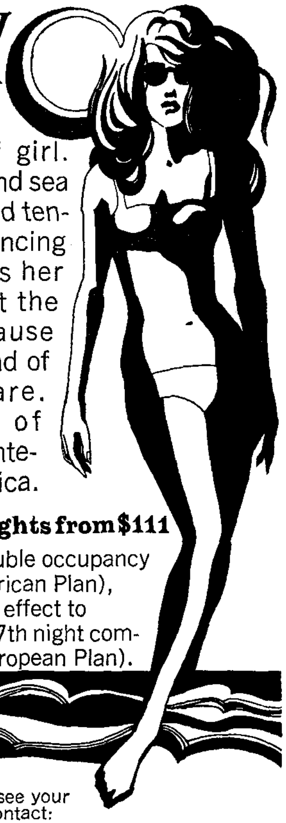
noon, and when he bogeyed the seventieth and seventy-first the door was open. To win, Hogan needed a birdie on one of the last three holes—each of them a lengthy, exacting par 4. He barely missed his birdie on the seventieth, and then on the seventy-first his two-and-a-half-foot putt for his *par* slipped over the right rim of the cup. So that was that. Boros came next. Faced with birdieing one of the last three holes to gain a tie, he parred the first two, and then on the home hole, playing into the wind, he closed in on that all-important birdie by cracking a classic 1-iron fifteen feet from the flag. The putt looked in until the very moment it spun off the high corner of the cup. And then came Kroll—three pars to tie. On the seventieth, *his* chances came to a sudden and cruel halt. He pushed his approach into the rough, and when the ball settled under the ground-hugging limbs of an evergreen he had no other course but to get down on his knees and try to extricate the ball with a scythelike swing. It took him two flails to do this—the first with a 2-iron, the second with a wedge—and the championship was over. It was quite a finish. In a general way, the concluding stages of the 1968 Open were somewhat reminiscent, what with Bert Yancey and Jack Nicklaus chasing Trevino down the last nine, but the fact of the matter is that with five holes to play Trevino had built up an almost insurmountable lead of four strokes on Yancey and five on Nicklaus, and after this there was never a moment when the outcome was in doubt. Of course, the trouble may be that in recent years we have had so many championships which have out-fictioned fiction that we may all have become a little spoiled and are likely now to feel let down whenever an event doesn't reach a crescendo of suspense the way it would if its script were the joint effort of Willkie Collins, Burt L. Standish, and Raymond Chandler.



Another reason, perhaps, that the 1968 Open may have fallen a little short of expectations was that it suffered from a too constricted cast of characters. From start to finish, the Open revolved around only three golfers—Trevino, Nicklaus, and Yancey—and that isn't enough to create the full flavor and fervor of a championship, especially under the new Open format (new as of 1965), which calls for a single round of eighteen holes on four days. (As is no doubt apparent, I am a member of the diehard coterie that would be much happier if the old three-day Open were reëstablished.) It should be added, however, that the three golfers who dominated this year's play are exceptionally interesting individuals and, moreover, vastly different in makeup and golf style as well as in the strong appeal each has for the galleries. Let us begin with Yancey—Albert Winsborough Yancey, twenty-nine, a high-strung, soft-spoken blond Floridian who, as everyone who follows the game knows, gravitated to professional golf in 1961 after suffering a nervous breakdown while attending West Point. Yancey is an unusually high-principled young man, and it is easy to believe the story that he once asked a U.S.G.A. official if he didn't agree that the proper procedure when one found his ball in a ground-under-repair area was to play the ball as it lay, if one could, instead of automatically lifting it without penalty, as the rules allow. He has a well-deserved reputation as a gifted putter, but, as is not as widely appreciated, his swing may be the prettiest in the game today. It is based on an ultra-smooth, rhythmic hip turn, and as he comes flashing through the ball and finishes poised on his left side with his hands very high, the golfer he calls to mind is Bobby Jones. (When he makes an error, most of the time it is a pull to the left—the result of hurrying his timing a fraction and opening his left hip a shade too soon.) The last two seasons, Yancey has enjoyed considerable success on the tour, but as yet he has failed to win a major championship. He had an excellent chance to do so in the 1967 Masters, when he was at the head of the field for three rounds and remained in the fight until he three-putted the thirteenth green on the last round. At Oak Hill, similarly, he led after each of the first three rounds, jumping out in front with a 67 and following it with a 68 and a 70, but again, without pushing the parallel too hard, his bid came to an end when he three-putted the thirteenth. At this point, having fallen four shots behind Trevino, with whom he was paired on both the third and the fourth rounds, it was imperative that Yancey boldly charge the twelve-footer he needed for his birdie on the thirteenth; he went three feet past and blew the short one coming back. Earlier in the round, he had missed two other short putts, and five times had found the rough or a bunker off the tee, so, in a word, it was simply not Yancey's day. I hope that day will come before long—he is so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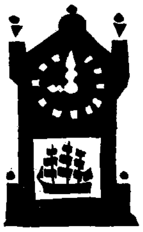
Nicklaus, who finished second—four shots behind Trevino and two ahead of Yancey—has won seven major events (three Masters, two U.S. Opens, one British Open, and one P.G.A. Championship) since turning professional late in 1961, but it is safe to say that en route to several of these victories he did not play nearly as brilliantly as he did at Oak Hill. This year, as is his habit, Nicklaus passed up many of the tour tournaments in order to husband his energy and concentration for the big ones. This doesn't always work out, and Nicklaus's spotty play this winter and spring made it highly questionable whether the mere sight of the Open course would have the same effect on him as it did last year at Baltusrol, when he roused himself from a protracted slump and won going away. Well, once again he rose to the occasion. From the first hole on, his swing had the lovely legato tempo it always has when he is in peak form, and he had great control of his thunderous game. On his opening nine, he followed up well-placed drives with a succession of superb irons that set him up for five eminently makable birdie putts—three of them from about seven feet, the other two from about fifteen. He didn't make a single one. No matter how talented a golfer is, he cannot afford to let opportunities like these slip away, and when Nicklaus then went and three-putted the ninth to turn in a 36 instead of a very possible 32 or 33, one wondered if this might not be the pattern of his play throughout the championship. It proved to be. On all four rounds, he continued to plant those huge drives in the distant fairway gaps, he continued to hit most of the greens in the "regulation stroke" (he hit sixty-one out of seventy-two, the highest number of any player), and he continued to fritter away one birdie chance after another. It wasn't till the forty-ninth green, in fact, that he holed a putt of over eight feet, and he had only made two of that length. At the start of the final day, when he trailed Yancey by seven shots and Trevino by six and it was obvious that he had to mount an early rush to stay in the running, Nicklaus brought the Open momentarily to life: he birdied the third and fourth holes, and since Yancey and Trevino (playing just behind him) were meanwhile having their troubles, as he stood on the fifth tee he had drawn to within three strokes of the lead. That was as close as he got. The pivotal points came on the seventh and eighth holes, both long par 4s, where he fired two spectacular approaches about nine feet from the pin. As he bent over those two birdie putts, Trevino and Yancey stood quietly beside their drives two hundred yards or so back down the fairway, watching. Had Nicklaus made either of these putts, it would have intensified enormously the pressure they were under, but he missed them both. His misadventures on the greens did not end then, but those two putts on the seventh and eighth, it seemed to me, were the ones that counted. Anyhow, the effect of his failure to capitalize on these openings became apparent shortly afterward, when Trevino took off on a brief burst of his own—a burst that nailed down the Open for him. It must be a terribly disappointing experience to play the kind of golf that Nicklaus did from tee to green and not win, but, as someone must have said a hundred years ago at St. Andrews or Prestwick, to win a championship you must putt like a champion.



The man who won the Open, Lee Buck Trevino, thoroughly deserved his triumph. A black-haired, heavyset (five ten, one-eighty-five) professional from El Paso with an extremely flat swing, an ungainly follow-through, and a tendency to sway off the ball on his long irons, Trevino at first inspection is not the kind of golfer you would pick to thread the maze of an Open layout. However, he is the personification of the adage that it doesn't matter how a man swings at the ball as long as he can repeat the same action on swing after swing, and Trevino can. He keeps that ball in play. On a course where accuracy off the tees was of paramount importance, he hit forty-two of fifty-six fairways—one doesn't count the par 3s—and only one other golfer hit more fairways. Furthermore, he hit fifty-five of the seventy-two greens in the regulation stroke to rank second to Nicklaus in that department. On top of this, he did not three-putt a single green, which probably earned him some statistical distinction in the records of the Open. It takes more than a statistical distinction, however, to win a championship; as a case in point, Benson McLendon, the man who hit the most fairways, finished in a tie for twenty-second. You must have the stuff to be able to play the right shots at the right times, and Trevino certainly did. On the third round, for ex-

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ample, he experienced his one wild streak and put eight drives into the rough, but he managed to scramble out his par in each instance. What a chipper and putter he is! On the last round, when his opportunity came after Nicklaus's charge had petered out and Yancey had presented him with a two-stroke lead by bogeying the sixty-third and sixty-fourth Trevino seized it. He rapped in a thirty-footer on the sixty-fifth for a birdie and a tough uphill twenty-two-footer on the sixty-sixth for another birdie. That just about did it.

When Trevino, clad in vermillion shirt, black trousers, and vermillion socks, came striding up the sixty-seventh fairway, the possessor of a four-shot lead, he walked over to Dey, who was accompanying his twosome, and, slapping El Exigente across the back of his navy-blue blazer, told him, "I'm just trying to build up as big a lead as I can so I won't choke." There is a fundamental ebullience to Trevino that even the strain of an important competition cannot stifle. Indeed, he has such a flair for communication that he has a very good chance of becoming a true idol of the galleries. His version of Arnold's Army is called Lee's Fleas—first, because it rhymes, and, second, because Trevino is of Mexican ancestry. It is a long while since anyone has climbed to the top in golf as swiftly. When he entered the Open a year ago, he was a complete unknown—a twenty-seven-year-old, thirty-dollar-a-week assistant pro half concealed by scuba goggles, which he had got used to wearing back in El Paso to keep the windswept dirt out of his eyes. After he finished fifth in the Open, to everyone's astonishment, he went on the tour, and by the end of the season had upped his total prize money to twenty-six thousand dollars. This year, prior to the Open, he had already earned over fifty thousand on the tour. Behind Trevino's velocitous rise there lies quite a story. Born in Texas, near Dallas, he was raised by his grandfather; they lived in a shack without electricity or running water. He left school in the eighth grade and got a job helping out at a par-3 course. He put in four years in the Marine Corps, mainly on Okinawa, and then returned to his old job and stayed with it until early in 1967, when he moved to El Paso. If few people can chip and putt like Trevino, credit it to all those years he spent around that par-3 course taking on all comers for whatever they wanted to wager. To augment his income when his pigeons became wary, he would bet he could beat them playing right-handed with left-handed clubs, which was no trouble at all for a fellow who could also beat them playing with no other implement than a family-size Dr Pepper bottle wrapped in adhesive tape. (He slapped the ball toward the green with the big end of the bottle and putted billiards-fashion with the neck end.) Now all those days of super-John Montague hustling are years behind him, and ahead is an immense future. He will surely attract to golf a whole new section of the non-country-club public, widening the base of the pyramid much in the way that Gene Sarazen, the son of an Italian carpenter, did when he broke through in the 1922 Open and moved to the front in a game that had been thought of as the almost exclusive domain of the Anglo-Saxon. Trevino has a lot going for him. He is nice-looking, he is intelligent, he is articulate and has a musical lilt to his voice, and he has authentic *joie de vivre*. I have only one concern about him, and it is not the plane of his backswing. Rather, it is his penchant for hamming things up a little too much on the course and for souping up his "image" at press conferences and other gatherings by delivering a stream of well-rehearsed gags. Some of his one-liners are pretty good, as they were twenty years ago, but you get the uneasy feeling that the lead-in questions are planted, the way they are at de Gaulle's conferences. Besides, the whole act is unnecessary. When Lee Trevino is himself, he is absolutely charming, and even then he projects like a ton of bricks.

In any event, what with the 1969 Open scheduled for the Champions Golf Club in Houston, we should have an extraordinarily interesting championship. On the one hand, El Exigente will be confronting the exotic challenge posed by Bermuda grass as he goes about preparing the course, and, on the other, since Houston is not so far from Dallas and El Paso, Lee's Fleas should be out in record swarms. I am looking forward to it already.

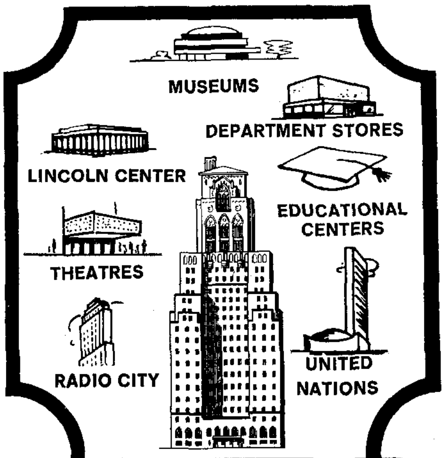
—HERBERT WARREN WIND

•

"Phaedra," poet Robert Lowell's translation of John Racine's tragedy, will be presented at 8:15 P.M. Friday in Furman University's McAlister Auditorium by America Theatre Production of New York.

The play is based on ancient Greek legend about a young wife falling in love with her stepson.—*Greenville (S.C.) News.*

Johnnie Racine always had a thing about Indians.



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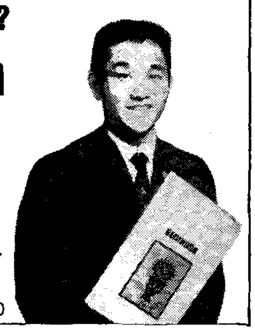
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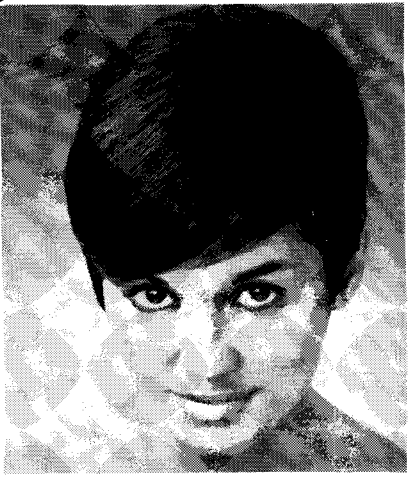
MUSICAL EVENTS

Records: Rock, Etc.

THE sociology of rock and post-rock has been based on three concepts: the star, the sound, and the scene. That sociology, like most, is firmly rooted in economics. Since the simplicity that gave rock its mass appeal also made it relatively easy to create, performers and the businessmen behind them faced a problem familiar to the makers of cigarettes and cars: How do you outsell a horde of competitors whose products are as good as yours? The solution was equally familiar: attractive packaging. The crucial elements in the package were charisma and sound—the artist's trademark, the gimmick that unified his work and set it apart (Little Richard's scream, the Everly Brothers' close harmonies, the Beatles' falsetto). If a performer or group did not have a unique sound, it helped to identify with a collective sound—usually that of a subculture (rockabilly, the Mersey sound) or of a creative producer (Phil Spector, Berry Gordy). I do not mean to conjure up the spectre of hucksters sitting around the Brill Building cold-bloodedly inventing salable gimmicks. Sometimes it worked that way. But mostly the process was unconscious: performers whose personal style was naturally gimmicky, or whose managers understood intuitively how to get attention, survived and bred imitators. Actually, before rock and roll became self-conscious, commercial and aesthetic considerations were almost indistinguishable; the geniuses of that period, from Chuck Berry to the early Beatles and Stones, owed their greatness to the same qualities that made them best-sellers. (Presley was an exception, and he ended up in Hollywood singing ballads.)

The Beatles were transitional figures. For one thing, their charisma was much more interesting than that of any previous rock-and-roll stars. Their image—that androgynous, childlike insouciance, the way they revelled in their fame and wealth without ever taking it or themselves seriously—sold records, which is what Brian Epstein had in mind when he made them wear mop tops and Edwardian suits. But it was also a comment on success, an embodiment of ingenuous youth in the affluent society—and "comments" and "embodiments" are, after all, aesthetic categories. Similarly, the Beatles' sound—a deliberate attempt *not* to sound black, contrary to custom—was at once a commercial novelty and an artistic self-assertion. These developments fascinated Pop artists and others for whom the aesthetic significance of commercial phenomena was a major preoccupation—enter the first self-conscious rock fans. The Beatles were also responsible for the bohemianization of rock. The concept of the rock "scene"—a term borrowed from jazz and implying an élite In group as much as a place—originated in Mod London and spread to San Francisco. Rock became identified less with particular superstars or sounds than with a whole life-style; "psychedelic" music was not so much a sound as a spirit. In 1965, the average person, asked to associate to the phrase "rock and roll," would probably have said "Beatles;" by 1967 the answer would more likely have been "hippies," "drugs," or "long hair." When American bohemians took up rock, they brought along their very un-Beatlish distinctions between art and Mammon, and for the first time people talked about "serious," as opposed to merely commercial, rock. Yet if such talk was possible, it was only because the Beatles (with a lot of help from Bob Dylan) had paced a miraculous escalation in the quality of pop songs. Since "Sgt. Pepper," few people deny that "serious" pop is serious art. And though there is still some overlap, the split between the AM-radio-singles-teenie market and the FM-L.P.-student-hippie-intellectual audience is a fact of life.

With this evolution has come a shift in the way the music is perceived. There is, for example, an unprecedented demand for technical virtuosity. Good musicianship was once as irrelevant to rock as it was rare; the whole point of electric guitars and dubbing and echo chambers was that kids with no special talent could make nice noises. But now the music has enough scope to attract excellent instrumentalists, as well as an audience interested in traditional criteria of quality. Not that this audience's taste necessarily lives up to its pretensions; often flash is mistaken for skill. Still, a few years ago it would have been impossible for an Eric Clapton or a Mike Bloomfield to make it in pop music on the strength of fine



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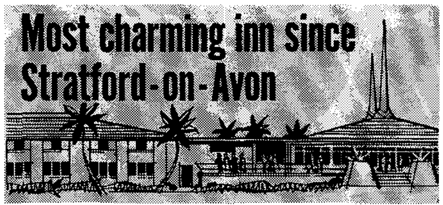

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guitar playing. The new audience also favors complex music and lyrics—a trend that threatened to get totally out of hand until Dylan's "John Wesley Harding" provided some timely propaganda for simplicity. What all this adds up to is an increasing tendency to judge pop music intrinsically, the way poetry or jazz is judged. Social context is still important, as it is for most art. But although social and economic factors were once an integral part of the rock aesthetic—indeed, defined that aesthetic—they are now subordinate to the "music itself."

On balance, in spite of all the good music that would never have happened otherwise, I think this tendency is regrettable. What it means is that rock has been co-opted by high culture, forced to adopt its standards—chief of which is the integrity of the art object. It means the end of rock as a radical experiment in creating mass culture on its own terms, ignoring élite definitions of what is or is not intrinsic to aesthetic experience. The reason the Beatles, the Stones, and Dylan are the unchallenged—and probably unchallengeable—giants of pop is that through and beyond their work their personalities have a continuing impact on the public consciousness that, if it is not aesthetic, is something just as good. (This is especially true of Dylan, an indifferent musician who never bothered to become a studio expert.) The new standards are bound to inhibit further exploration in this area. In addition, lack of a compelling image puts the new performer at an almost insuperable disadvantage in trying to make an impression on a public whose imagination is deeply involved with established artists. At best, new performers are taking longer to be recognized, and fewer and fewer will attain that special relationship to the public psyche that is so often uncomprehendingly dismissed as "mere celebrity." I'm thinking, for example, of the Sweet Inspirations, a Gospel-oriented quartet whose first album came out a while ago. They're great, and by all rights should take over the position of preëminent girl group last held by the Supremes and before that by the Shirelles. But though they have a hit single ("Sweet Inspiration"), I doubt that they will make that pinnacle. So what? Well, part of the fun of listening to the Supremes was that they were the *Supremes*.

A related problem is the loss of the mass audience. Whether the upgrading of the music is in itself responsible for that loss is questionable. The Beatles held the loyalty of their original teen-

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age fans long after they had stopped making simple, happy dance music; when the kids finally turned off, it was less because the Beatles were esoteric than because they were old hat. More recently, the Doors and Jefferson Airplane have done very well outside the coterie. Jimi Hendrix, on the other hand, has not, though he has all the accoutrements of the superstar—a distinctive personality (he's the only expatriate black hippie around), a distinctive sound (achieved by choke-neck playing on the electric guitar), and a spectacular live act (he plucks his guitar with his teeth, sets fire to it, and breaks it up). What *is* certain is that the new music has thoroughly confused the record industry; no one can figure out how to promote it. Since the beginning of this year, the sheer quantity of serious pop, as well as its immense variety, has defied sloganeering. Most of the new musicians are not interested in gimmickry or image-making; they just want to make music. It's no longer possible to attract notice with a fancy album cover and a way-out name. And the scenes are dying. The Small Faces are the only interesting British group to break since Cream. The best first albums of this year's San Francisco crop come from two of the original underground groups, the Loading Zone and Quicksilver Messenger Service; except for a little-known group called Serpent Power, and Blue Cheer, which has a certain crude energy going for it (what I mean is, it's loud), the "second generation" San Francisco groups are a disaster. Early this year, MGM Records, out of naïveté or desperation, tried to invent a new scene, and a few other companies went along. It was called the Boston Sound (though there was no special sound involved) and was promoted as anti-drug and anti-exotic—rather negative premises on which to build a scene. The groups themselves were a dreary lot, ranging from the competently frenetic Beacon Street Union to the sublimely ridiculous Earth Opera. (By the time the E.O. album was released, the vibrations were pretty bad, so the group was billed as a *Cambridge* product. It didn't help.) Moral: scenes may be made, but they have to be born first.

For the sake of completeness, I ought to note that there are two areas of pop music in which sociology still dominates. First, *negative* charisma is very potent. A group that is thought of as a teenybopper band won't be accepted by most serious rock fans no matter how good it is. Ask someone in the audience at the Fillmore East what he thinks of the Hollies or the Young Rascals. Second, there is a minor cult of sensitive adolescent folkies like Tim Buckley and Steve Noonan, for no reason I can discern except that they are probably just like the kids who idolize them. In the case of Richie Havens, the attraction must be that he is black and friendly—an irresistible combination these days. —ELLEN WILLIS

• •

ANGLE OF REPOSE

Everything shifts here, we agreed. The channel
Is some lengths east of where it used to be.
The salt marsh spreads and shrinks. Marconi's powerhouse
Has fallen in the sea.

Shiftier than these, your dune is seeking
A slope at which the grass takes root and grows
Regardless of your house on top of it. This is called
The angle of repose.

Engineers, oh, engineers! On second sighting,
I see a vision of each balk and wall
Shouldered by half America on vacation.
We, shiftiest of all,

Come piling down, careened in all directions
Toward tedium despair exhaustion suicide,
Upon this last narrowing peninsula
Under the scouring tide,

And, spilled like Easter Island statues on the landscape,
Seek imperceptibly the angle of repose,
The tilt of a mast, a board, a kite—the slope
At which the crumbling stops and something grows.
—ROBERT A. BROOKS

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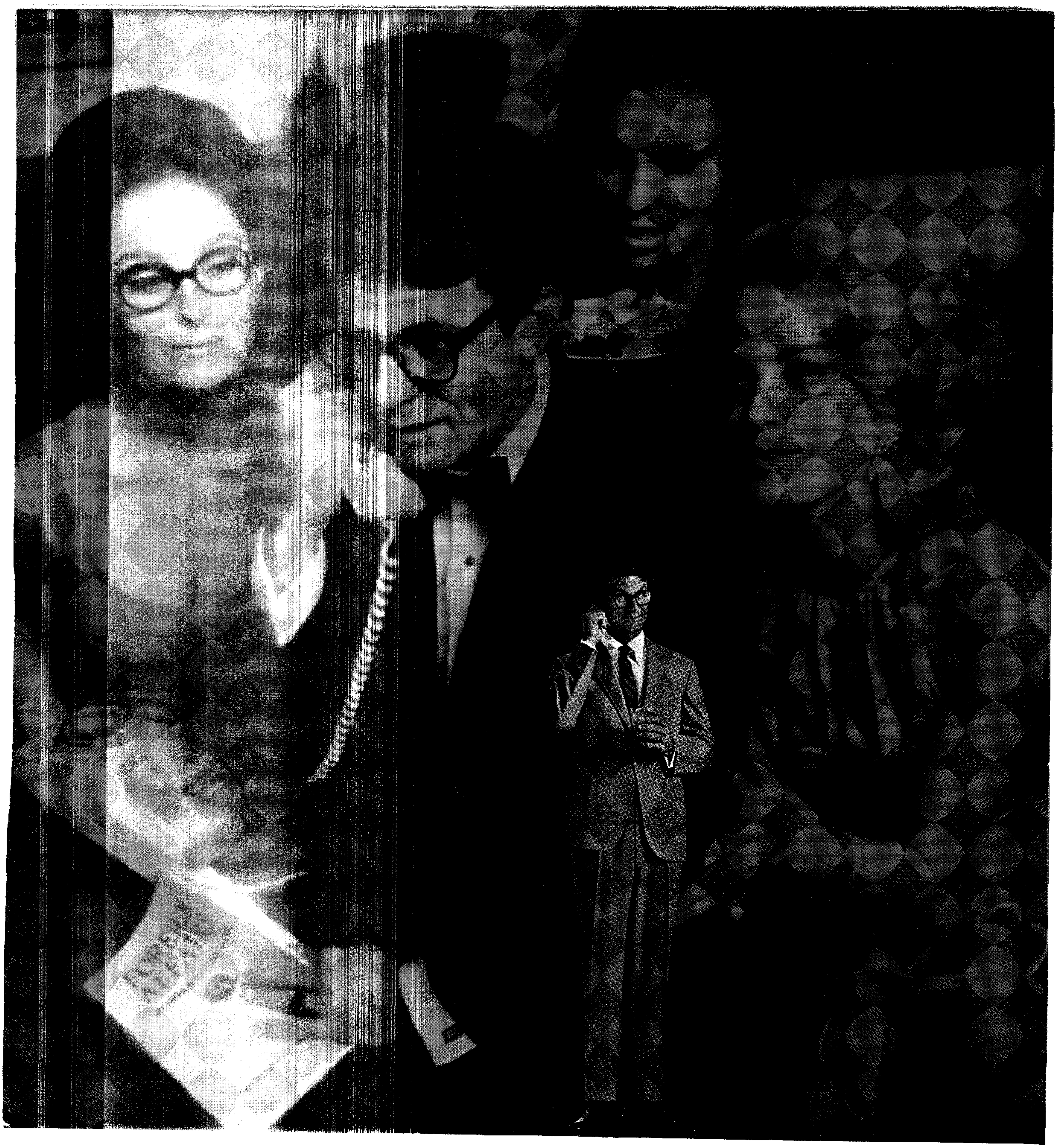

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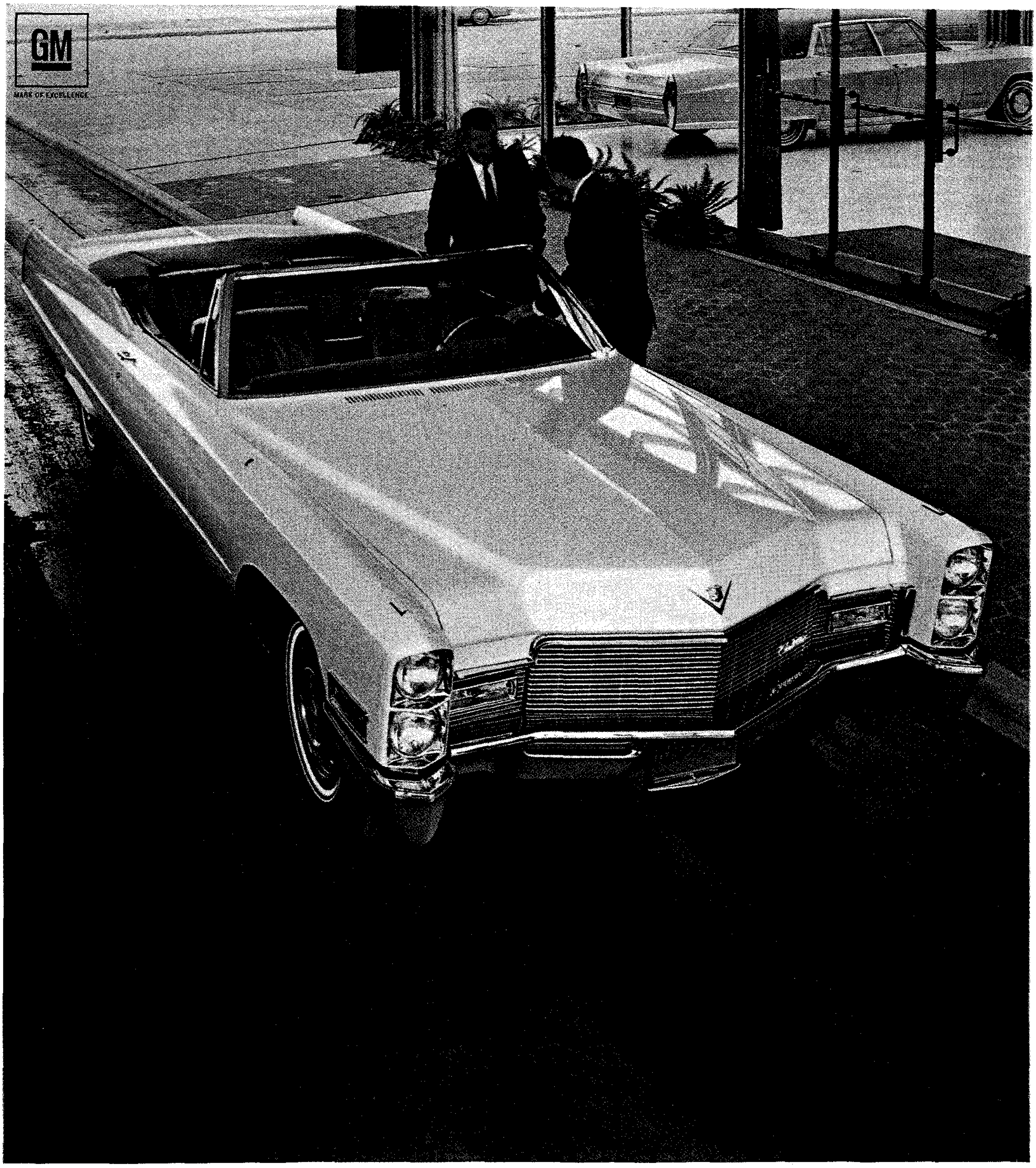

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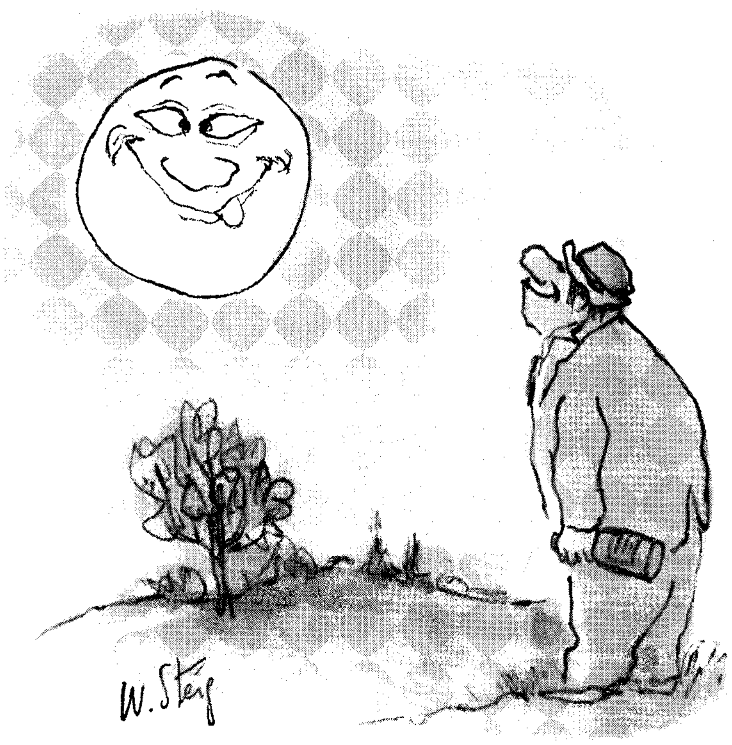
LETTER FROM PARIS

JUNE 27

"LES Jours de Mai" is what the Paris student revolution is called in retrospect and is the title it will indubitably be given in Fifth Republic French history, where it will become legendary as an epic in violence by the most educated young bourgeois in the capital of France. The Days of May are finally coming to their end in this last week of June through the election of a new National Assembly, which might last only one year and which President de Gaulle did not want at all. But on second thought he wanted even less to resign. As in the classic French theatre, some visible change is often necessary to mark the end of an important dramatic action, so a changed Parliament was slated to mark this evolution here, with the General remaining in place, himself almost utterly unchanged. On the high showing of last Sunday's preliminary vote, the Gaullist Union pour la Défense de la République may once more be the party of election—indeed, of predilection—this coming Sunday as well. If this becomes the case, it is taken for granted that hurried reforms promulgated by Premier Pompidou, containing a modicum of what can be saved from ten years of miraculously successful Gaullism, could create a new type of Gaullism, which would make the pre-revolutionary formula seem a Gaullism *dépassé*, or even defunct. Next Sunday's winner will surely not be the Parti Socialiste Unifié, headed by Pierre Mendès France, with his tragic solo gift, though he is the unique politician to courageously back the students, who still have a special leftover popularity. Whoever does win will be faced with the gigantic task of putting France together again, to contain what is unsettled, new, and even cyclonic, but is surely part of France's young, post-revolutionary atmosphere today.

What also marks the end of the revolution itself is the termination, only this week, of the tremendous and costly strike in the country's three great auto works—Renault, Peugeot, and Citroën (it seems that Simca never was really struck but merely stopped work for lack of supplies)—which flared like a brush fire from the students' bombs and barricades in the Latin Quarter. Its settlement this week gives the hitherto underpaid workers a wage boost of from ten to fourteen per cent, plus promised half payment for each day of the strike itself, which began May 14th. This automobile strike has been the longest, the most crucial, and the most obstinately fought for of any struggle in modern French industry. The Communist-dominated Confédération Générale du Travail, France's biggest labor union, handled the final thirty-five-hour negotiations with the factory managers and owners, and declared with pride that "the result was an incontestable success." However, the Confédération Française Démocrate du Travail, next in size but superior in social vision, declared that its workers accepted the settlement with "rage in their hearts." What its members had hoped for—along with bigger wages, of course—was a radical transformation of the enterprises themselves, "with new democratic structures substituting for the industrial and bureaucratic monarchy of the auto industries' practices." "Participation" in business management, in running universities, in teaching Greek, or in whatever has become the key word of the new young revolutionary society here. Even during the recent three-week general strike, the strikers themselves treated the stricken (or those whom the strike affected, which was everybody) with exceptional consideration, as if realizing for once that they, too, were participants in a helpless way. Gas and electricity were struck here, but with a minimum service assured and, actually, with normal complete service most of the time. Prices have, of course, started to rise along with wages. A *baguette*, that delicious yardstick of French bread, at once rose five centimes the yard; milk and newspapers rose. The four-day strike just last week of newspaper dealers, most of whom closed their shops or kiosks entirely, put newsboys back on the Paris streets for the first time in years, running about and crying their wares: "*Ici Le Monde!*" "*Voilà France-Soir!*" Gasoline is going up next week, with a rise of two centimes a litre—one centime going to the pump man, the other to the French state. The state radio and TV strikes are just finished, but without the intellectual rebels, who wanted objective rather than paternalistic pro-de Gaulle news programs, having won.

France has lately been an epicenter for troubles. During the student riots, cheap little Paris hotels, even on the Right Bank, simply locked their front doors. The chic Tour d'Argent restaurant actually shut down temporarily because of lack of clients and absence of American tourists, and Maxim's was open only for lunch. The weather has been wet, cold, and stormy during some part of each day, often with thunder and lightning. Suburban flower gardens have produced lovely roses, but by the next day the rain has rotted them away. Farmers are worried about their grain. The Paris air smells like the seaside, filled with strong wind. Everyone says there will be no more bad troubles until October, when they will begin afresh. People are short of cash, of course, and everyone lost money during the three weeks of the general strike, which was calamitous. Without transportation or postal service, business was simply suspended. There were, furthermore, the cars burned by the students in the Latin Quarter streets, on which no insurance can be claimed and which are a dead loss. All the automobiles of the recently struck auto



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works are going up three per cent in price this week. By October, French people are expected to be out of patience with France's ill luck. The great threat in October is going to be that of French unemployment.

THE Beaux Arts, since the May revolution renamed the Ex-École des Beaux Arts, has over the past few weeks been flying not one red flag but two red flags in its open courtyard facing the Rue Bonaparte. A red flag dominantly hung in any Paris scholastic institution indicates that the place is no longer under the direction of its professors, appointed by the state, but is operating under what is called "student power." Not only has the Ex-Beaux Arts been flying its pair of red flags but the right-hand wall of the courtyard, just inside the gate—a *pignon* wall ornamented with portions of the elegant original carved façade of the Château of Anet, where Diane de Poitiers dallied with her king—has been flaunting high on its roof a red umbrella, rigged up over the statue of some unidentifiable royal dignitary, and another small figure has been wearing a red handkerchief tied around his neck. The flags, at least, were removed today, shortly after dawn, when the Paris police (not the Compagnie Républicaine de Sécurité shock troops) evacuated the hundred or more Beaux Arts occupants, of whom a dozen or more were sleepy girls who were not students, they said. One young man said he was a tourist who had been in Paris only a couple of days and had wanted to see what was going on in the art world. The premises, unlike the Sorbonne or the Théâtre de l'Odéon, were perfectly tidy and in good order after occupation. The Salle Brianchon, named after a Beaux Arts professor, was the room the police were most interested in, since it was there that the students had been making their brilliant anti-governmental posters, which had been pasted up pretty well all over town. The most popular had been a disrespectful cartoon of de Gaulle—nose protuberant, arms up in the air like semaphores—with the title "Le Chie-en-Lit C'est Lui," a reference to a bit of coarse barracks-room slang that the General had recently used to describe somebody else. The posters were made by the serigraphic process (rubbing color through a nylon frame onto the paper beneath), and were about two feet high. On the day last week that this correspondent was in the printing room, a couple of artists were pulling copies of one of the handsomest of the posters, in which the C.R.S. police were shown marching in hard, serrated ranks, like the tops of mountains. Another popular one concerned the O.R.T.F. (the censored French state radio), which was represented by the body of a policeman, one of his arms labelled "Europe No. 1," the most popular station here for objective news, being non-governmental, and the other labelled "Radio Luxembourg," which is foreign. There was a witty cartoon of Marianne, the young female figure who represents La Belle France, with a kerchief tied over her mouth; a kerchief over the eyes is used on the French TV screen when scenes unsuitable for youthful fans are about to be shown. (The censorship of news by the state radio is still one of the most criticized of all the Fifth Republic practices.) The "Atelier Populaire," as the printing room was renamed, was highly organized and could make close to a thousand posters a day. The subject matter was first discussed in committee, then trials of its presentation and treatment were made until general agreement was reached. There was a tin box near the print table for contributions by visitors; posters sold from ten to fifty francs each and were not signed.

Certain Beaux Arts students had earlier been in communication with André Malraux, Minister of Cultural Affairs, in an effort to inaugurate a modernization of the rigorous, old-fashioned regulations dominating art studies here, and they have just this week announced a further ultimatum. They want the abrogation of the statutes protecting the studio "*patron*," or chief, whose opinion can make or break a young student's personal style—a tyranny resented by Matisse at the Beaux Arts when he was young. They want the suppression of competitions for admission to the school, and of the famous Prix de Rome, of which they seem to think little. Of all the various "student-powered" institutions since the Days of May, the students at the Ex-Beaux Arts seem the most intelligently, persistently concerned with working out new programs for flexible instruction of the sort they are still young enough to desire or almost old enough to be sure have validity. It will be a pity if being interrupted by the Paris police at dawn this week should call their plans to a halt.

—GENÊT

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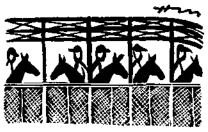
THE RACE TRACK

The Suburban



IT is related that in the days when politicians made speeches from the hustings, and not on television, a candidate was expatiating at great length about the peoples and principal races in America when a tired voice from the back of the crowd called out, "Hey, Mister, how about the Suburban?" If age, tradition, and the celebrity of its winners entitle a handicap race to the pride of place, none will question the right of the Suburban. A heritage from Sheepshead Bay, it was the big future-book betting event of the eighties, and the afternoon it was run was practically a local holiday, with various clubs and societies driving to the Coney Island Jockey Club track in high style in four-in-hands. It has always been a good race, so it is hard to say which of the too many runnings I've seen stands out. Everyone, I'm sure, remembers Buckpasser's amazing finish in it last year, but old-timers say their thriller was the one in 1929, in which Bateau, Petee-Wrack, Toro, and Sunfire finished noses and heads apart, and among the nine also-rans were Display, Chance Shot, and Dolan, the last of whom had brought off a 25–1 chance in the race the year before. Another that is still talked about occurred in 1927, when Crusader beat Black Maria, Macaw, Display, Chance Play, and some others. Incidentally, several persons whose names don't matter now won a remarkable number of dollars from the bookmakers on that race.

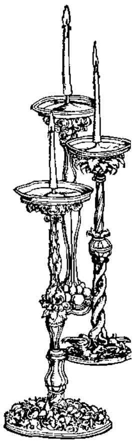
The eighty-second running of the Suburban, at Aqueduct (you'll probably know the outcome before you read this), should be up to par, for it will bring about the long-delayed meeting of Damascus and Dr. Fager—that is, if Frank Whiteley, Jr., who trains Damascus, and Thomas M. Bancroft, the husband of his owner, approve the weight assigned him by Tommy Trotter, the handicapper for the Jockey Club. Ever since Dr. Fager beat Damascus in the Gotham Stakes early in the spring of 1967, and Damascus beat Dr. Fager in the Woodward Stakes that fall, there have been hopes for a rematch, but for one reason or another it didn't come off. Right now, both horses are as fit as hands can make them. Damascus galloped impressively in his race at Delaware Park recently, and before that Dr. Fager wowed them in the Californian Stakes at Hollywood Park. The distance of the Suburban, a mile and a quarter, favors Damascus.

HOBEAU FARM'S Mac's Sparkler has a sign outside her stall at Belmont Park that reads, "This Horse Bites," and she does. She can run a bit, too. She did that in the Vagrancy Handicap at Belmont Park last week, winning by a neck from Plucky Pan, with Amerigo Lady third, and Too Bald, the favorite, next to last. . . . The havoc the coughing sickness has played with the two-year-olds at this track was shown again when only four fillies came out for their division of the National Stallion Stakes. In this, Gallant Bloom, from the King Ranch, led throughout the five and a half furlongs, though she was under a mild drive at the end to win from Golden Or.

TO pick up a loose end, Bampton Castle, Bon Nouvel, and Teana, the three American jumpers who were flown to France for the Grand Steeple-Chase de Paris over the formidable figure-eight course at Auteuil a couple of Sundays ago, made a game try, which is about all you can say for their adventure. Bampton Castle, winner of the Grand National at Belmont last month, was one of the seven starters to finish the sixty-five hundred metres; seven others didn't. Bon Nouvel fell at the first crossing of the Rivière des Tribunes, the sixteen-foot water jump, which is crossed twice. Teana tired so badly that she was eased up. Haroué, a French horse, won by eight lengths. It's generally agreed that the course, with its twenty-seven obstacles, is the toughest anywhere. Even Jay Trump, the winner of the 1965 Liverpool Grand National Steeplechase at Aintree, could do no better than finish third. Still, it was a sporting gesture for Mrs. Theodora Randolph, who owns Bon Nouvel and Teana, and Mrs. W. C. Riker, who owns Bampton Castle, to send their horses over for it.

AS bad luck would have it, I shall not see Dark Mirage run for the Monmouth Oaks, because it will be on the same afternoon as the Suburban. But this department's best wishes for a speedy journey go to its favorite filly.

—AUDAX MINOR



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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Love Chase, by James Barlow (Simon & Schuster). A happy if somewhat self-conscious account of a twenty-year-old Englishman's pursuit of true love. True love, for Michael Deene, means a wife. He does not admit it, even to himself, until the very last minute, but he wants marriage. He wants a life of his own and somebody to share it and make it twice as enjoyable. Michael lives with his father, the Bishop, and his mother, the Bishop's perfect wife, who manages, all the same, to keep the unserious side of her nature bright and shiny. They live in Seatown, a big place, big enough to support an art school, which Michael attends, and where he is considered a very promising but rather stubborn student. Michael is stubborn in his ways because he knows he has what it takes to make a good painter, maybe even a great painter. He is fat and funny and wide-open to life, and we believe in him entirely. Michael wanders. He goes to London and Paris, and then he comes home to Seatown. Michael will always come home. He is invincibly English. What a nice man he is going to be when he is thirty and forty and fifty. Perhaps Mr. Barlow will write another book about him.

Above Ground, by Jack Ludwig (Little, Brown). There is a heightened sense of life in Mr. Ludwig's work, and at the same time there is Mr. Ludwig's obvious desire to make each moment as realistically complete as is possible in writing. The impression of impending crisis rather than of actual crisis is inescapable. The emotional pressure never lets up, and yet one never forgets that these are only printed words and that the people who are being so noisy about themselves are only characters in a book. There is a great storm here, blowing across a brilliantly delineated and skillfully peopled but static landscape, where nothing changes and no one finds rest. The main personality, Joshua, who was invalided out of life during his childhood, comes furiously of age to find the world full of women, all of whom seem beautiful to him, although his deepest (and dutifully half-neglected) love remains with his blood relatives.

The Pasha's Concubine and Other Tales, by Ivo Andrić, translated from the Serbo-Croatian by Joseph Hitrec (Knopf). A book of stories by the Yugoslav Nobel Prize winner, most of them dealing with the Moslems and Christians of his native Bosnia, who appear to be made violent by what one of the characters calls "its tortured landscape and insane climate." The stories are old-fashioned and melodramatic, like Tolstoy's or Leskov's Cossack tales, but one of them, "Thirst," is a masterpiece.

GENERAL

Saint Louis: Louis IX, Most Christian King of France, by Margaret Wade Labarge (Little, Brown). An excellent biography by an author who is an expert on the Middle Ages, and a very good writer, too. Her work shows why King Louis was regarded as a paragon among medieval kings: he was magnetic and down-to-earth, devout and effective. He built, studied, prayed, and fought, and he solved the problems of his day—principally, starting to make France out of his collection of fiefs of assorted sizes and diverse customs—with equity and power. The author assumes that her readers, like herself, cannot wholly share Louis's contemporaries' admiration for his two failed crusades (1250 and 1270), so she takes particular pains to describe other facets of the King's religion that seem more relevant to the present.

Ready to Riot, by Nathan Wright, Jr. (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). A book about the background of the Newark riots by a Negro sociologist and clergyman who lives nearby. Dr. Wright's facts and statistics are so disturbing that the wonder is not that the riots occurred but that they ever ended. If the book has any fault, it is Dr. Wright's terminological evasiveness: he speaks of "so-called riots," "so-called integration," and so on. The last word of the book, however, is not evasive: it is "perish."

•

Bay City (AP)—Seventeen-foot, 3-inch, green-eyed blond from Bay City has *been named Bay County Bean Queen.*
—*Kalamazoo* (*Mich.*) *Gazette.*

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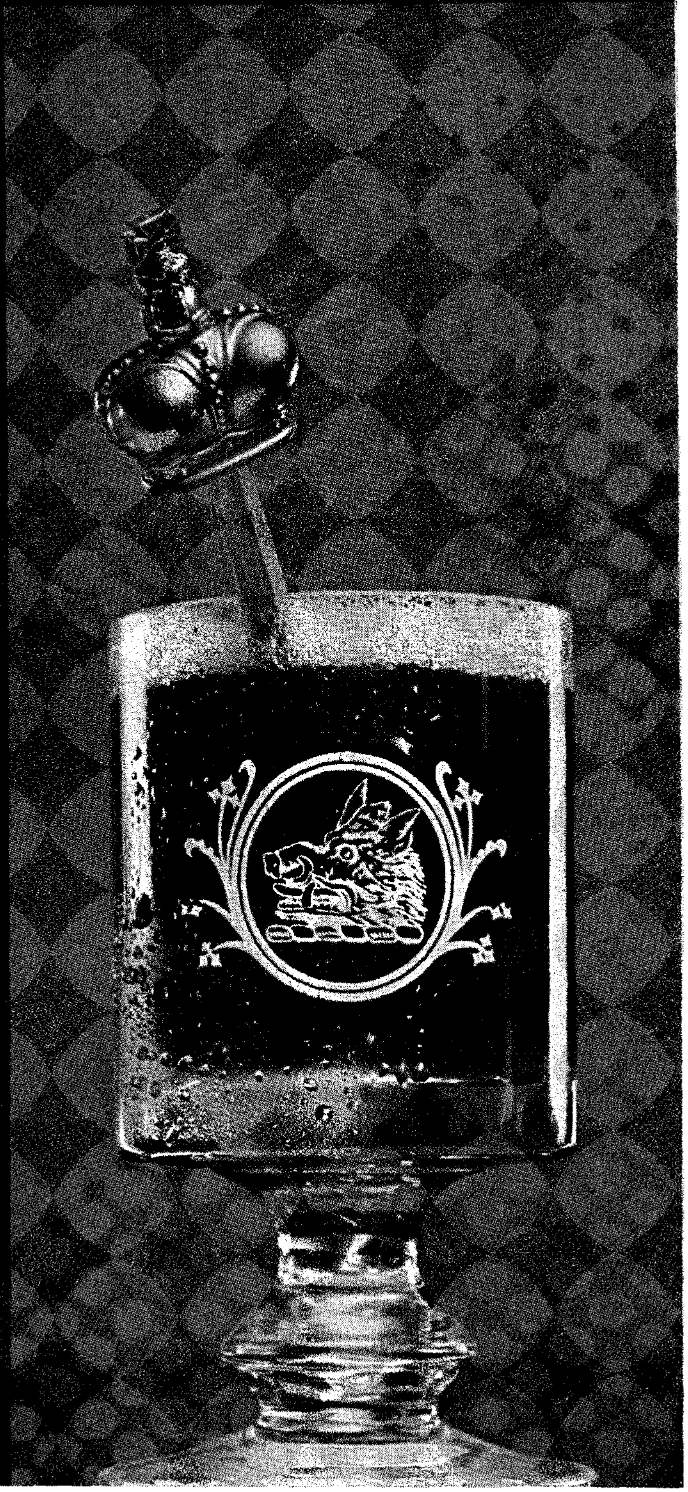

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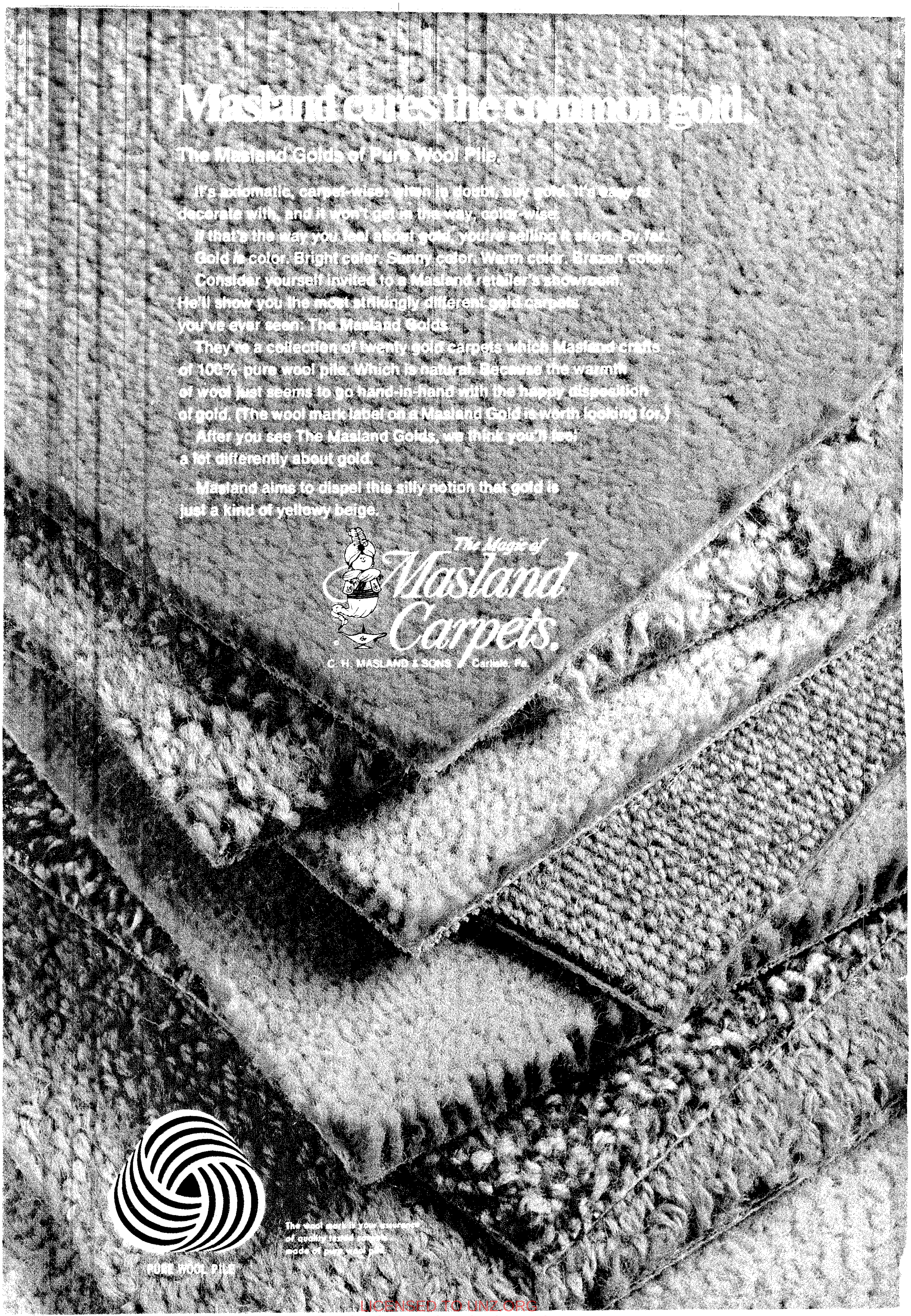

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